From Sex to Superconsciousness

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Chapter #1

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Question 1
WHAT IS LOVE?
To feel it is easy, to define love is difficult indeed. If you ask a fish what the sea is like, the fish will say, "This is the sea. The sea is all around. And that's that." But if you insist -- "Please define the sea" -- then the problem becomes very difficult indeed.
The finest and the most beautiful things in life can be lived, can be known, but they are difficult to define, difficult to describe.
Man's misery is this: for the last four to five thousand years he has simply talked and talked about something he should have been living earnestly, about something that must be realized from within -- about love. There have been great talks on love, countless love songs have been sung, and devotional hymns are continuously being chanted in the temples and in the churches -- what all isn't done in the

name of love? -- still there is no place for love in man's life. If we delve deeply into mankind's languages, we will not find a more untrue word than "love".

All the religions carry on about love, but the kind of love that is found everywhere, the kind of love that has enveloped man like some hereditary misfortune has only succeeded in closing all the gates to love in man's life. But the masses worship the leaders of the religions as the creators of love. They have falsified love; they have blocked all love's streams. In this case there is no basic difference between East and West, between India and America.

The stream of love has not yet surfaced in man. And we attribute this to man himself. We say it is because man is spoiled that love has not evolved, that there is no current of love in our lives. We blame it on the mind; we say the mind is poisonous. The mind is not poison. Those who degrade the mind have poisoned love; they have not allowed the growth of love. Nothing in this world is poison. Nothing is bad in God's whole creation; everything is nectar. It is man alone who has transformed this full cup of nectar into poison. And the major culprits are the so-called teachers, the so-called holy men and saints, the politicians.

Reflect upon this in detail. If this sickness is not understood immediately, if it is not straightened out right away, there is no possibility -- now or in the future -- of love in man's life. The ironical thing is that we have blindly accepted the reasons for this from the very same sources that are to blame for love's not dawning on the human horizon in the first place. If misleading principles are repeated and reiterated down the centuries we fail to see the basic

fallacies behind the original principles. And then chaos is created, because man is intrinsically incapable of becoming what these unnatural rules say he should become. We simply accept that man is wrong.

In ancient times, I have heard, a hawker of hand-fans used to pass by the palace of the king every day. He used to brag about the unique and wonderful fans he sold. No one, he claimed, had ever seen such fans before.

The king had a collection of all sorts of fans from every corner of the world and so he was curious. He leaned over his balcony one day to have a look at this seller of unique and wonderful fans. To him the fans looked ordinary, hardly worth a penny, but he called the man upstairs anyway. The king asked, "What is the uniqueness of those fans? And what is their price?"

The hawker replied, "Your Majesty, they don't cost much. Considering the quality of these fans, the price is very low: one hundred rupees a fan."

The king was amazed. "One hundred rupees! This paisa-fan, this penny-fan, is available anywhere in the market. And you ask a hundred rupees! What is so special about these fans?"

The man said, "The quality! Each fan is guaranteed to last one hundred years. Even in one hundred years, it won't spoil."

"From the look of it, it seems impossible it can even last a week. Are you trying to cheat me? Is this outright fraud? And with the king, too?"

The vendor answered, "My Lord, would I dare? You know very well, sir, that I walk under your balcony daily, selling my fans. The price is one hundred rupees a fan, and I am

responsible if it doesn't last one hundred years. Every day I am available in the street. And, above all, you are the ruler of this land. How can I be safe if I cheat you?"
The fan was purchased at the asking price. Although the king did not trust the hawker, he was dying of curiosity to know what grounds the man had for making such a statement. The vendor was ordered to present himself again on the seventh day.
The central stick came out in three days, and the fan disintegrated before the week was out.
The king was sure the seller of fans would never turn up again, but to his complete surprise the man presented himself as he had been asked to -- on time, on the seventh day.
"At your service, Your Majesty."
The king was furious. "You rascal! You fool! Look. There lies your fan, all broken into pieces. This is its condition in a week, and you guaranteed it would last a hundred years! Are you mad, or just a supercheat?"
The man replied humbly, "With due respect, it seems My Lord does not know how to use fans. The fan must last for one hundred years; it is guaranteed. How did you fan?"
The king said, "My goodness. Now I will have to learn how to fan too!"
"Please don't be angry. How did the fan come to this fate in just seven days? How did you fan?"
The king lifted the fan, showing the manner in which one fans.
The man said, "Now I understand. You shouldn't fan like that."
"What other way is there?" the king asked.

The man explained, "Hold the fan steady. Keep it steady in front of you and then move your head to and fro. The fan will last one hundred years. You will pass away but the fan will remain intact. Nothing is wrong with the fan; the way you fan is wrong. You keep the fan steady and move your head. Where is my fan at fault? The fault is yours, not that of my fan."

Mankind is accused of a similar fault. Look at humanity. Man is so sick, sick from the accumulated illness of five, six, ten thousand years. It is repeatedly said that it is man who is wrong, not the culture. Man is rotting, yet the culture is praised. Our great culture! Our great religion! Everything is great! And see the fruits of it!

They say, "Man is wrong; man should change himself," yet no one stands up to question whether things aren't like they are because our culture and religion, unable to fill man with love after ten thousand years, are based on false values. And if love hasn't evolved in the last ten thousand years, take it from me there is no future possibility, based on this culture and religion, of ever seeing a loving man. Something which could not be achieved in the last ten thousand years cannot be attained in the next ten thousand years. Today's man will be the same tomorrow. Although the outer wrappings of etiquette, civilization and technology change from time to time, man is the same and will be the same forever.

We are not prepared to review our culture and religion, yet we sing their praises at the top of our lungs, and kiss the feet of their saints and custodians. We won't even agree to look back, to reflect upon our ways and upon the direction

of our thinking, to check if they are not misleading, to see if they are not all wrong.

I wish to say that the base is defective, that the values are false. The proof is today's man. What other proof can there be?

If we plant a seed and the fruit is poisonous and bitter, what does it prove? It proves that the seed must have been poisonous and bitter. But it is difficult, of course, to foretell whether a particular seed will give bitter fruit or not. You may look it over carefully, press it or break it open, but you cannot predict for sure whether the fruit will be sweet or not. You have to await the test of time.

Sow a seed. A plant will sprout. Years will pass. A tree will emerge, will spread its branches to the sky, will bear fruit -- and only then will you come to know whether the seed that was sown was bitter or not. Modern man is the fruit of those seeds of culture and religion that were sown ten thousand years ago and have been nurtured ever since. And the fruit is bitter; it is full of conflict and misery.

But we are the very people who eulogize those seeds and expect love to flower from them. It is not to be, I repeat, because any possibility for the birth of love has been killed by religion. The possibility has been poisoned. More so than in man, love can be seen in the birds, animals and plants, in those who have no religion or culture. Love is more evident in uncivilized men, in backward woodsmen, than in the so-called progressive, cultured and civilized men of today. And, remember, the aboriginal people have no developed civilization, culture or religion.

Why is man progressively becoming so much more barren of love as he professes to be more and more civilized,

cultured and religious, going regularly to temples and to churches to pray? There are some reasons and I wish to discuss them. If these can be understood, the eternal stream of love can spring forth. But it is embedded in stones; it cannot surface. It is walled in on all sides, and the Ganges cannot gush forth, cannot flow freely.

Love is within man. It is not imported from the outside. It is not a commodity to be purchased when we go to the markets. It is there as the fragrance of life. It is inside everyone. The search for love, the wooing of love, is not a positive action; it is not an overt act whereby you have to go somewhere and draw it out.

A sculptor was working on a rock. Someone who had come to see how a statue is made saw no sign of a statue, he only saw a stone being cut here and there by a chisel and hammer.

"What are you doing?" the man inquired. "Are you not going to make a statue? I have come to see a statue being made, but I only see you chipping stone."

The artist said, "The statue is already hidden inside. There is no need to make it. Somehow, the useless mass of stone that is fused to it has to be separated from it, and then the statue will show itself. A statue is not made, it is discovered. It is uncovered; it is brought to light."

Love is shut up inside man; it need only be released. The question is not how to produce it, but how to uncover it. What have we covered ourselves with? What is it that will not allow love to surface?

Try asking a medical practitioner what health is. It is very strange, but no doctor in the world can tell you what health is! With the whole of medical science concerned with

health, isn't there anyone who is able to say what health is? If you ask a doctor, he will say he can only tell you what the diseases are or what the symptoms are. He may know the different technical term for each and every disease and he may also be able to prescribe the cure. But health? About health, he does not know anything. He can only state that what remains when there is no disease is health. This is because health is hidden inside man. Health is beyond the definition of man.

Sickness comes from the outside hence it can be defined; health comes from within hence it cannot be defined. Health defies definition. We can only say that the absence of sickness is health. The truth is, health does not have to be created; it is either hidden by illness or it reveals itself when the illness goes away or is cured. Health is inside us. Health is our nature.

Love is also inside us. Love is our inherent nature. Basically, it is wrong to ask man to create love. The problem is not how to create love, but how to investigate and find out why it is not able to manifest itself. What is the hindrance? What is the difficulty? Where is the dam blocking it?

If there are no barriers, love will show itself. It is not necessary to persuade it or to guide it. Every man would be filled with love if it weren't for the barriers of false culture and of degrading and harmful traditions. Nothing can stifle love. Love is inevitable. Love is our nature.

The Ganges flows from the Himalayas. It is water; it simply flows -- it does not ask a priest the way to the ocean. Have you ever seen a river standing at a crossroads asking a policeman the whereabouts of the ocean? However far the

ocean may be, however hidden it may be, the river will surely find the path. It is inevitable: she has the inner urge. She has no guidebook, but, infallibly, she will reach her destination. She will crack through mountains, cross the plains and traverse the country in her race to reach the ocean. An insatiable desire, a force, an energy exists within her heart of hearts.

But suppose obstructions are thrown in her way by man? Suppose dams are constructed by man? A river can overcome and break through natural barriers -- ultimately they are not barriers to her at all -- but if man-made barriers are created, if dams are engineered across her, it is possible she may not reach the ocean. Man, the supreme intelligence of creation, can stop a river from reaching the ocean if he decides to do so.

In nature, there is a fundamental unity, a harmony. The natural obstructions, the apparent oppositions seen in nature, are challenges to arouse energy; they serve as clarion calls to arouse what is latent inside. There is no disharmony in nature.

When we sow a seed, it may seem as if the layer of earth above the seed is pressing it down, is obstructing its growth. It may seem so, but in reality that layer of earth is not an obstruction; without that layer the seed cannot germinate. The earth presses down on the seed so that it can mellow, disintegrate, and transform itself into a sapling. Outwardly it may seem as if the soil is stifling the seed, but the soil is only performing the duty of a friend. It is a clinical operation. If a seed does not grow into a plant, we reason that the soil may not have been proper, that the seed may not have had enough water or that it may not have

received enough sunlight -- we do not blame the seed. But if flowers do not bloom in a man's life we say the man himself is responsible for it. Nobody thinks of inferior manure, of a shortage of water or of a lack of sunshine and does something about it, the man himself is accused of being bad. And so the plant of man has remained undeveloped, has been suppressed by unfriendliness and has been unable to reach the flowering stage.

Nature is rhythmic harmony. But the artificiality that man has imposed on nature, the things he has engineered across it and the mechanical contrivances he has thrown into the current of life have created obstructions at many places, have stopped the flow. And the river is made the culprit. "Man is bad; the seed is poisonous," they say.

I wish to draw your attention to the fact that the basic obstructions are man-made, are created by man himself -- otherwise the river of love would flow freely and reach the ocean of God. Love is inherent in man. If the obstructions are removed with awareness, love can flow. Then, love can rise to touch God, to touch the Supreme.

What are these man-made obstacles? The most obvious obstruction has been the opposition to sex and to passion. This barrier has destroyed the possibility of the birth of love in man.

The simple truth is that sex is the starting point of love. Sex is the beginning of the journey to love. The origin, the Gangotri of the Ganges of Love, is sex, passion -- and everybody behaves like its enemy. Every culture, every religion, every guru, every seer has attacked this Gangotri, this source, and the river has remained bottled up. The hue and cry has always been, "Sex is sin. Sex is irreligious. Sex

is poison," but we never seem to realize that ultimately it is the sex energy itself that travels to and reaches the inner ocean of love. Love is the transformation of sex energy. The flowering of love is from the seed of sex.

Looking at coal, it would never strike you that when coal is transformed it becomes diamonds. The elements in a lump of coal are the same as those in a diamond. Essentially, there is no basic difference between them. After passing through a process taking thousands of years, coal becomes diamonds.

But coal is not considered important. When coal is kept in a house it is stored in a place where it may not be seen by guests, whereas diamonds are worn around the neck or on the bosom so that everybody can see them. Diamonds and coal are the same: they are two points on a journey by the same element. If you are against coal because it has nothing more to offer than black soot at first glance, the possibility of its transformation into a diamond ends right there. The coal itself could have been transformed into a diamond. But we hate coal. And so, the possibility of any progress ends. Only the energy of sex can flower into love. But everyone, including mankind's great thinkers, is against it. This opposition will not allow the seed to sprout, and the palace of love is destroyed at the foundation. The enmity towards sex has destroyed the possibility of love. And so, coal is incapable of becoming a diamond.

Because of basic misconceptions, no one feels the necessity of going through the stages of acknowledging sex and of developing it and of going through the process of transforming it. How can we transform him whose enemy we are, whom we oppose, with whom we are at continuous

war? A quarrel between man and his energy has been forced upon him. Man has been taught to fight against his sex energy, to oppose his sex urges.

"The mind is poison, so fight against it," man is told. The mind exists in man, and sex also exists in him -- yet man is expected to be free from inner conflicts. A harmonious existence is expected of him. He has to fight and to pacify as well. Such are the teachings of his leaders. On the one hand they drive him mad and on the other they open asylums to treat him. They spread the germs of sickness and then build hospitals to cure the sick.

Another important consideration is that man cannot be separated from sex. Sex is his primary point; he is born of it. God has made the energy of sex the starting point of creation. And great men term as sinful what God himself does not consider as sin! If God considers sex as sin, then there is no greater sinner than God in this world, no greater sinner in this universe.

Have you never realized that the blooming of a flower is an expression of passion, that it is a sexual act? A peacock dances in full glory: a poet will sing a song to it; a saint will also be filled with joy -- but aren't they aware that the dance is also an overt expression of passion, that it is primarily a sexual act? For whose pleasure does the peacock dance? The peacock is calling its beloved, its spouse. Papiha is singing; the cuckoo is singing: a boy has become an adolescent; a girl is growing into a woman. What is all this? What play, what leela is this? These are all the indicators of love, of sexual energy. These manifestations of love are the transformed expressions of sex -- bubbling with energy, acknowledging sex.

Throughout one's whole life all acts of love, all attitudes and urges of love, are flowerings of primary sex energy. Religion and culture pour poison against sex into the mind of man. They create conflict, war; they engage man in battle against his own primary energy -- and so man has become weak, gross, coarse, devoid of love and full of nothingness. Not enmity, but friendship is to be made with sex. Sex should be elevated to purer heights.

While blessing a newly wed couple, a sage said to the bride, "May you be the mother of ten children and, ultimately, may your husband become your eleventh child." If passion is transformed, the wife can become the mother; if lust is transcended, sex can become love. Only sex energy can flower into the force of love. But we have filled man with antagonism towards sex and the result is that love has not flowered. What comes later, the form-to-come, can only be made possible by the acceptance of sex. The stream of love cannot break through because of the strong opposition. Sex, on the other hand, keeps churning inside, and the consciousness of man is muddled with sexuality. Man's consciousness is becoming more and more sexual. Our songs, poems, paintings, and virtually all the figures in our temples are centered around sex -- because our minds also revolve around the axis of sex. No animal in the world is as sexual as man. Man is sexual everywhere -- awake or asleep, in his manners as well as in his etiquette. Every moment man is haunted by sex.

Because of this enmity towards sex, because of this opposition and suppression, man is decaying from inside. He can never free himself from something that is the very root of his life, and because of this constant inner conflict

his entire being has become neurotic. He is sick. This perverted sexuality that is so evident in mankind is the fault of his so-called leaders and saints; they are to blame for it. Until man frees himself from such teachers, moralizers and religious leaders, and from their phony sermons, the possibility of love surfacing in him is nil.

I remember a tale:

One Sunday a poor farmer was leaving his house and at the gate he met a childhood friend who had come to see him. The farmer said, "Welcome! But where have you been for so many years? Come in! Look, I have promised to see some friends and it would be difficult to postpone the visit, so please rest in my house. I will be back in an hour or so. I will return soon and we can have a long chat."

The friend said, "Oh no, wouldn't it be better if I were to come with you? Yet my clothes are very dirty. If you can just give me something fresh, I will change and come along with you."

Sometime before, the king had given the farmer some valuable clothes and the farmer had been saving them for some grand occasion. Joyfully, he brought them out. His friend put on the precious coat, the turban, the dhoti and the beautiful shoes. He looked like the king himself. Looking at his friend, the farmer felt a bit jealous; in comparison he looked like a servant. He began to wonder if he had made a mistake, giving away his best outfit, and he began to feel inferior. Now everyone would look at his friend, he thought, and he would look like an attendant, like a servant. He tried to calm his mind by thinking of himself as a good friend and as a man of God. He would think only of God and of noble things, he decided. "After all, of what

importance is a fine coat or an expensive turban?" But the more he tried to reason with himself, the more the coat and the turban encroached on his mind.

On the way, although they were walking together, passers-by only looked at his friend; nobody noticed the farmer. He began to feel depressed. He chatted with his friend, but inside he was thinking about nothing else but that coat and turban!

They reached the house they were intending to visit and he introduced his friend: "This is my friend, a childhood friend. He is a very lovely man." And suddenly he blurted, "And the clothes? They are mine!"

The friend was stunned. Their hosts were also surprised. He realized as well that the remark had been uncalled for, but then it was too late. He regretted his blunder and reproached himself inwardly.

Coming out of the house, he apologized to his friend.

The friend said, "I was thunderstruck. How could you say something like that?"

The farmer said, "Sorry. It was just my tongue. I made a mistake."

But the tongue never lies. Words only pop out of one's mouth if there is something on one's mind; the tongue never makes a mistake. He said, "Forgive me. How such a thing was uttered, I do not know." But he knew full well that the thought had surfaced from his mind.

They started for another friend's house. Now he had firmly resolved not to say that the clothes were his; he had steeled his mind. By the time they had reached the gate he had reached an irrevocable decision that he would not say the clothes were his.

That poor man didn't know that the more he resolved not to say anything, the more firmly rooted the inner awareness that the clothes belonged to him became. Moreover, when are such firm decisions made? When a man makes a firm resolution, like a vow of celibacy for example, it means that his sexuality is pushing desperately from inside. If a man resolves he will eat less or will fast from today on, it implies he has a deep desire to eat more. Such efforts inevitably result in inner conflict. We are what our weaknesses are. But we decide to curb them; we resolve to fight against them -- and naturally, this becomes a source of subconscious conflict.

So, engaged in inner struggle, our farmer went into the house. He began very carefully: "He is my friend" -- but he noticed that nobody was paying any attention to him; that everybody was looking at his friend and at his clothes with awe, and it struck him, "That is my coat! And my turban!" But he reminded himself again not to talk about the clothes. He was resolved. "Everybody has clothes of some kind or another, poor or rich. It is a trivial matter," he explained to himself. But the clothes swung before his eyes like a pendulum, to and fro, to and fro.

He resumed the introduction: "He is my friend. A childhood friend. A very fine gentleman. And the clothes? Those are his, and not mine."

The people were surprised. They had never before heard such an introduction: "The clothes are his and not mine"! After they had left, he again apologized profusely. "A big blunder," he admitted. Now he was confused about what to do and what not to do. "Clothes never had a hold on me like this before! Oh God, what has happened to me?"

What had happened to him? The poor fellow did not know that the technique he was using on himself is such that even if God himself tried it, the clothes would grab hold of him also!

The friend, now quite indignant, said he would not go any further with him. The farmer grabbed his arm and said, "Please don't do that. I would be unhappy for the rest of my life, having shown such bad manners to a friend. I swear not to mention the clothes again. With my whole heart, I swear to God I will not mention the clothes any more."

But one should always be wary of those who swear because there is something much deeper involved when one resolves something. A resolution is made by the surface mind, and the thing against which the resolution has been taken remains inside in the labyrinths of the subconscious mind. If the mind were divided into ten parts, it would only be one part, just the upper part, that was committed to the resolve; the remaining nine parts would be against it. The vow of celibacy is taken by one part of the mind, for example, while the rest of the mind is mad for sex -- while the rest is crying out for that very thing that has been implanted in man by God. But for the moment, be that as it may.

They went to a third friend's house. The farmer held himself back rigorously. Restrained people are very dangerous, because a live volcano exists inside them. Outwardly they are rigid and full of restraint, while their urge to let go is tightly harnessed inside.

Please remember, anything that is forced can neither be continuous nor complete because of the immense strain involved. You have to relax sometime; sometime you have

to rest. How long can you clench your fist? Twenty-four hours? The tighter you clench it, the more it tires, and the more quickly it will open up. Work harder, expend some more energy, and you will tire even more quickly. There is always a reaction to an action, and it is always just as prompt. Your hand can remain open all the time, but it cannot remain clenched in a fist all the time. Anything that tires you cannot be a natural part of life. Whenever you force something, a period of rest is bound to follow. And so, the more adept a saint is, the more dangerous he is. After twenty-four hours of restraint, following the rules of the scriptures, he will have to relax for at least an hour, and during this period there will be such an upsurge of suppressed sins he will find himself in the midst of hell. So, the farmer held himself rigorously in check so as not to speak of the clothes. Imagine his condition. If you are even a little religious, you can imagine his state of mind. If you have ever been sworn in, or taken a vow, or restrained yourself for some religious cause, you will understand the pitiable state of his mind very well.

They went into the next house. The farmer was perspiring all over; he was exhausted. The friend was also worried. The farmer was frozen with anxiety. Slowly and carefully he uttered each and every word, of the introduction: "Meet my friend. A very old friend, he is. A very nice man, he is." For a moment he faltered. A huge push came from inside. He knew he was washed up. He blurted aloud, "And the clothes? Pardon me, I won't say anything about them, because I have sworn not to say anything at all about the clothes!"

What happened to this man has happened to the whole of mankind. Because of condemnation, sex has become an obsession, a disease, a perversion. It has become poisoned. From an early age children are taught that sex is sin. A girl grows and a boy grows; adolescence comes and they are married -- then a journey into passion commences in the set conviction that sex is sin. In India the girl is also told her husband is God. How can she revere as God someone who takes her in sin? The boy is told, "This is your wife, your partner, your mate." The scriptures say that woman is the gate to hell, a well of sin, and now the boy feels he has a living demon as his life's partner. The boy thinks, "Is this my better half -- a hell-bound, sin-oriented better half?" How can any harmony happen in his life?

Traditional teachings have destroyed the marital life of the whole world. When married life is full of prejudice, full of poison, there is no possibility for love. If a husband and wife cannot love each other freely, basically and naturally, then who can love whom? But this disturbing situation can be rectified; this muddled love can be purified. This love can be elevated to such lofty heights that it will break all barriers, resolve all complexes and engulf husband and wife in pure and divine joy. This sublime love is possible. But if it is nipped in the bud, if it is stifled, if it is poisoned, what will grow out of it? How can it flower into a rose of supreme love?

A wandering ascetic camped in a village. A man came and told him he wanted to realize God.

The ascetic asked, "Have you ever loved anybody?"

"No, I am not guilty of such a mundane thing," the man replied. "I have never stooped so low; I want to realize God."

The ascetic asked again, "Have you never felt the pangs of love?"

The seeker was emphatic. "I am telling the truth," he replied.

The poor man spoke honestly. In the realm of religion to have loved is a disqualification. He was sure that if he said he had loved someone the ascetic would ask him to rid himself of love then and there -- to renounce the attachment and to leave all worldly emotions behind before seeking his guidance. So even if he had loved someone, he felt he must reply in the negative. Where can you find a man who has never even loved a little?

The monk asked for the third time, "Say something. Think carefully. Not even a little love -- for somebody, for anybody? Haven't you even loved one person a little?"

The aspirant said, "Pardon me, but why do you keep harping on the same question? I wouldn't touch love with a ten-foot pole. I want to attain self-realization. I want Godhood."

To this the ascetic replied, "Then you will have to excuse me. Please approach someone else. My experience tells me that if you had loved somebody, anybody, that if you had even had a glimpse of love, I could help enlarge it, I could help it to grow -- probably to reach God. But if you have never loved, then you have nothing in you; you have no seed to grow into a tree. Go and make inquiries of someone else. My friend, in the absence of love I do not see any opening for God."

Similarly, if there is no love between husband and wife.... You are sadly mistaken if you think that the husband who does not love his wife is able to love his children. The wife will only be able to love her son to the same degree she loves her husband, because the child is the reflection of her husband. But if there is no love for the husband, how can there be love for the child? And if the son is not given love, if his nourishing and his rearing are not with love, how do you expect him to love his mother and father? A family is a unit of life; the world itself is a large family. But family life has been poisoned by this condemnation of sex. And we moan that love is nowhere to be found! Under the circumstances, how do you expect to find love anywhere? Everyone says he loves. Mothers, wives, sons, brothers, sisters, friends -- all say they love. But if you observe life in its totality, there is no love evident in life at all. If so many people are full of love there ought to be a shower of love; there ought to be a garden full of flowers, more flowers and even more flowers. If there were a lamp of love shining in every home, how much light there would be in this world! But instead, we find a pervading atmosphere of repulsion. There is not one single ray of love to be found in this sorry scheme of things.

It is snobbery to believe that love is everywhere. And so long as we remain immersed in this illusion, the search for truth cannot even begin. Nobody loves anybody here. And until natural sex is accepted without reservation there can be no love. Until then, nobody can love anybody.

What I want to say is this: sex is divine. The primal energy of sex has the reflection of God in it. It is obvious: it is the

energy that creates new life. And that is the greatest, most mysterious force of all.

End this enmity with sex. If you want a shower of love in your life, renounce this conflict with sex. Accept sex with joy. Acknowledge its sacredness. Receive it gratefully and embrace it more and more deeply. You will be surprised that sex can reveal such sacredness; it will reveal its sacredness to the degree of your acceptance. And as sinful and irreverent as your approach is, that is how ugly and sinful the sex that confronts you will be.

When a man approaches his wife he should have a sacred feeling, as if he were going to a temple. And when a wife goes to her husband she should be full of the reverence one has nearing God. In the moments of sex, lovers pass through coitus, and that stage is very near to the temple of God, to where he is manifest in creative formlessness.

My conjecture is that man had his first luminous glimpse of samadhi during the experience of intercourse. Only in the moments of coitus did man realize that it was possible to feel such profound love, to experience such illuminating bliss. And those who meditated on this truth in the right frame of mind, those who meditated on the phenomenon of sex, of intercourse, came to the conclusion that in the moments of climax the mind becomes empty of thoughts. All thoughts drain out at that moment. And this emptiness of mind, this void, this vacuum, this freezing of the mind, is the cause of the shower of divine joy.

Having unraveled the secret up to this point, man dug further. If the mind could be freed of thoughts, if the thought-ripples of consciousness could be stilled by some other process, he reasoned, he could attain to pure bliss!

And from this developed the system of yoga, from this came meditation and prayer. This new approach proved that even without coitus the consciousness could be stilled and thoughts evaporated. Man discovered that the delight of amazing proportions obtained during an act of intercourse could also be obtained without it.

By the nature of the process, an act of coitus can only be momentary because it involves the consummation of a flow of energy. To the pure joy, to the perfect love, to the beautiful solace in which a yogi exists all the time, a couple only reaches for a moment or so. But, basically, there is no difference between them. He who said that the vishyanand and the brahmanand, that the one who indulges his senses and the one who indulges in God are brothers, has stated an inadvertent truth. Both come from the same womb. The only difference is the distance between earth and sky.

At this stage I wish to give you the first principle. If you want to know the elemental truth about love, the first requisite is to accept the sacredness of sex, to accept the divinity of sex in the same way you accept God's existence -- with an open heart. And the more fully you accept sex with an open heart and mind, the freer you will be of it. But the more you suppress it the more you will become bound to it, like that farmer who became a slave to his clothes.

The measure of your acceptance is the measure of your deliverance. The total acceptance of life, of all that is natural in life, of all that is God-given in life, will lead you to the highest realms of divinity -- to heights that are unknown, to heights that are sublime. I call that acceptance, theism. And that faith in the God-given is the door to liberation.

I regard those precepts which keep man from accepting that which is natural in life and in the divine scheme as atheism. "Oppose this; suppress that. The natural is sinful, bad, lustful. Leave this; leave that." All this constitutes atheism, as I understand it. Those who preach renunciation are atheists.

Accept life in its pure and natural form and thrive on the fullness of it. The fullness itself will elevate you, step by step. And this very same acceptance of sex will uplift you to serene heights you had not imagined possible. If sex is coal, the day is certain to come when it shows itself as diamonds. And that is the first principle.

The second fundamental thing I want to tell you is about something that has, by now, become hardened within us by civilization, culture and religion. And that is the ego, the consciousness that "I am".

The nature of the sex energy goads it to flow towards love, but the hurdle of "I" has fenced it in like a wall and so love cannot flow. The "I" is very powerful, in bad as well as in good people, in the unholy as well as in the holy. Bad people may assert the "I" in many ways, but good people also drum the "I" loudly: they want to go to heaven; they want to be delivered; they have renounced the world; they have built temples; they do not sin; they want to do this; they want to do that. But that "I", that guiding signal, is ever present.

The stronger a person's ego is, the harder it is for him to unite with anybody. The ego comes in between; the "I" asserts itself. It is a wall. It proclaims, "You are you and I am I." And so even the most intimate experience does not bring people close to each other. The bodies may be near

but the people are far apart. So long as there is this "I" inside, this feeling of otherness cannot be avoided.
One day, Sartre said a wonderful thing: "The other is hell." But he didn't explain any further why the other was hell, or even why the other was the other. The other is the other because I am I, and while I am I, the world around is the other -- different and apart, segregated -- and there is no rapport.
As long as there is this feeling of separation, love cannot be known. Love is the experience of unity. The demolition of walls, the fusion of two energies is what the experience of love is. Love is the ecstasy when the walls between two people crumble down, when two lives meet, when two lives unite.
When such a harmony exists between two people I call it love. And when it exists between one man and the masses, I call it communion with God. If you can become immersed with me in such an experience -- so that all barriers melt, so that an osmosis takes place at the spiritual level -- then that is love. And if such a unity happens between me and everyone else and I lose my identity in the All, then that attainment, that merging, is with God, with the Almighty, with the Omniscient, with the Universal Consciousness, with the Supreme or whatsoever you want to call it. And so, I say that love is the first step and that God is the last step -- the finest and the final destination.
How is it possible to erase myself?
Unless I dissolve myself, how can the other unite with me? The other is created as a reaction to my "I". The louder I shout "I", the more forceful becomes the existence of the other. The other is the echo of "I".

And what is "I"? Have you ever thought calmly about it? Is it in your leg or your hand, in your head or your heart? Or is it just the ego?

What and where is your "I", your ego? The feeling of it is there, yet it is to be found in no particular place. Sit quietly for a moment and search for that "I". You may be surprised, but in spite of an intense search you will not find your "I" anywhere. When you search deeply inside you will realize there is no "I". As such, there is no ego. When there is the truth of the self the "I" is not there.

The well-revered monk Nagsen was sent for by the Emperor Malind, to grace his court.

The messenger went to Nagsen and said, "Monk Nagsen, the emperor wishes to see you. I have come to invite you."

Nagsen replied, "If you want me to, I will come. But, pardon me, there is no person like Nagsen here. It's only a name, only a temporary label."

The courtier reported to the emperor that Nagsen was a very strange man: he had replied he would come, but had said that there was no such man as Nagsen there. The emperor was struck with wonder.

Nagsen arrived on time, in the royal chariot, and the emperor received him at the gate. "Monk Nagsen, I welcome you!" he exclaimed.

Hearing this, the monk started to laugh. "I accept your hospitality as Nagsen, but please remember there is nobody named Nagsen."

The emperor said, "You are talking in riddles. If you are not you, then who is accepting my invitation? Who is replying to this welcome?"

Nagsen looked behind him and asked, "Isn't this the chariot I came in?"
"Yes, it is one and the same."
"Please remove the horses."
It was done.
Pointing to the horses, the monk asked, "Is this the chariot?"
The emperor said, "How can the horses be called a chariot?"
At a sign from the monk, the horses were led away, and the poles used to tie the horses were removed.
"Are these poles your chariot?"
"Of course not, these are the poles and not the chariot."
The monk went on, ordering the removal of the parts one by one, and to each inquiry the emperor had to reply, "This is not the chariot."
At last nothing remained.
The monk asked, "Where is your chariot now? To each and every item taken away you have said, `This is not the chariot.' Then tell me, where is your chariot now?"
The revelation startled the emperor.
The monk continued. "Do you follow me? The chariot was an assembly; it was a collection of certain things. The chariot had no being of its own. Please look inside. Where is your ego? Where is your `I'?"
You will not find that "I" anywhere. It is a manifestation of many energies; that is all. Think about each and every limb, about each and every aspect of yourself, and then eliminate everything, one by one. Ultimately, nothingness will remain. Love is born of that nothingness. That nothingness is God.

In a certain village a man opened a fish shop with a big sign: "Fresh Fish Sold Here."
The very first day a man came into the shop and read, "Fresh Fish Sold Here". He laughed. "`Fresh Fish'? Are stale fish sold anywhere? What is the point of writing `fresh' fish?"
The shopkeeper decided he was right; besides, "fresh" gave the idea of "stale" to the customers. He deleted "fresh" from the signboard. The board now read, "Fish Sold Here."
An old lady, visiting the shop the next day, read aloud, "`Fish Sold Here'? Do you also sell fish somewhere else?"
"Here" was erased. Now the board read, "Fish Sold."
The third day yet another customer came to the shop and said "`Fish Sold'? Does anybody give fish for free?"
The word "Sold" was deleted. Only "Fish" was left now.
An aged man came and said to the shopkeeper, "`Fish'? A blind man, even at a distance, could tell from the smell that fish are sold here."
"Fish" was removed. The board was now blank.
A passer-by asked, "Why a blank board?"
The board was also removed. Nothing remained after the process of elimination; every word had been removed, one by one. And what was left behind was nothing, an emptiness.
Love can only be born out of emptiness. Only a void is capable of merging with another void; only zero can unite totally with another zero. Not two individuals, but two vacuums can meet, because now there is no barrier. All else has walls; a vacuum has none.
So the second thing to remember is that love is born when individuality vanishes, when "I" and "the other" are no

more. Whatsoever remains then is everything, the limitless -- but no "I". With that attainment, all barriers crumble and the onrush of the ever-ready Ganges takes place.

We dig a well. Water is already there, inside; it doesn't have to be brought from anywhere. We just dig up the earth and stones and remove them. What is it we do exactly? We create an emptiness so that the water that is hidden inside can find a space to move into, a space in which to show itself. That which is inside wants room; it wants space. It craves an emptiness -- which it is not getting -- so it can come out, so it can burst forth. If a well is full of sand and stones, the moment we remove the sand and stones water will surge upwards. Similarly, man is full of love, but love needs space to surface. As long as your heart and soul are saying "I" you are a well of sand and stones, and the stream of love will not bubble up in you.

I have heard that there was once an ancient and majestic tree, with branches spreading out towards the sky. When it was in a flowering mood, butterflies of all shapes, colors and sizes danced around it. When it grew blossoms and bore fruit, birds from far lands came and sang in it. The branches, like outstretched hands, blessed all who came and sat in their shade. A small boy used to come and play under it, and the big tree developed an affection for the small boy. Love between big and small is possible, if the big is not aware that it is big. The tree did not know it was big; only man has that kind of knowledge. The big always has the ego as its prime concern, but for love, nobody is big or small. Love embraces whomsoever comes near.

So the tree developed a love for this small boy who used to come to play near it. Its branches were high, but it bent and

bowed them down so that he might pluck its flowers and pick its fruit. Love is ever ready to bow; the ego is never ready to bend. If you approach the ego, its branches will stretch upwards even more; it will stiffen so you cannot reach it.

The playful child came, and the tree bowed its branches. The tree was very pleased when the child plucked some flowers; its entire being was filled with the joy of love. Love is always happy when it can give something; the ego is always happy when it can take.

The boy grew. Sometimes he slept on the tree's lap, sometimes he ate its fruit, and sometimes he wore a crown of the tree's flowers and acted like a jungle king. One becomes like a king when the flowers of love are there, but one becomes poor and miserable when the thorns of the ego are present. To see the boy wearing a crown of flowers and dancing about filled the tree with joy. It nodded in love; it sang in the breeze. The boy grew even more. He began to climb the tree to swing on its branches. The tree felt very happy when the boy rested on its branches. Love is happy when it gives comfort to someone; the ego is only happy when it gives discomfort.

With the passage of time the burden of other duties came to the boy. Ambition grew; he had exams to pass; he had friends to chat with and to wander about with, so he did not come often. But the tree waited anxiously for him to come. It called from its soul, "Come. Come. I am waiting for you." Love waits day and night. And the tree waited. The tree felt sad when the boy did not come. Love is sad when it cannot share; love is sad when it cannot give. Love is

grateful when it can share. When it can surrender, totally, love is the happiest.

As he grew, the boy came less and less to the tree. The man who becomes big, whose ambitions grow, finds less and less time for love. The boy was now engrossed in worldly affairs.

One day, while he was passing by, the tree said to him, "I wait for you but you do not come. I expect you daily."

The boy said, "What do you have? Why should I come to you? Have you any money? I am looking for money." The ego is always motivated. Only if there is some purpose to be served will the ego come. But love is motiveless. Love is its own reward.

The startled tree said, "You will come only if I give something?" That which withholds is not love. The ego amasses, but love gives unconditionally. "We don't have that sickness, and we are joyful," the tree said. "Flowers bloom on us. Many fruits grow on us. We give soothing shade. We dance in the breeze, and sing songs. Innocent birds hop on our branches and chirp even though we don't have any money. The day we get involved with money, we will have to go to the temples like you weak men do, to learn how to obtain peace, to learn how to find love. No, we do not have any need for money."

The boy said, "Then why should I come to you? I will go where there is money. I need money." The ego asks for money because it needs power.

The tree thought for a while and said, "Don't go anywhere else, my dear. Pick my fruit and sell it. You will get money that way."

The boy brightened immediately. He climbed up and picked all the tree's fruit; even the unripe ones were shaken down. The tree felt happy, even though some twigs and branches were broken, even though some of its leaves had fallen to the ground. Getting broken also makes love happy, but even after getting, the ego is not happy. The ego always desires more. The tree didn't notice that the boy hadn't even once looked back to thank him. It had had its thanks when the boy accepted the offer to pick and sell its fruit.

The boy did not come back for a long time. Now he had money and he was busy making more money from that money. He had forgotten all about the tree. Years passed. The tree was sad. It yearned for the boy's return -- like a mother whose breasts are filled with milk but whose son is lost. Her whole being craves for her son; she searches madly for her son so he can come to lighten her. Such was the inner cry of that tree. Its entire being was in agony.

After many years, now an adult, the boy came to the tree. The tree said, "Come, my boy. Come embrace me."

The man said, "Stop that sentimentality. That was a childhood thing. I am not a child any more." The ego sees love as madness, as a childish fantasy.

But the tree invited him: "Come, swing on my branches. Come dance. Come play with me."

The man said, "Stop all this useless talk! I need to build a house. Can you give me a house?"

The tree exclaimed: "A house! I am without a house." Only men live in houses. Nobody else lives in a house but man. And do you notice his condition after his confinement among four walls? The bigger his buildings, the smaller man becomes. "We do not stay in houses, but you can cut

and take away my branches -- and then you may be able to build a house."

Without wasting any time, the man brought an axe and severed all the branches of the tree. Now the tree was just a bare trunk. But love cares not for such things -- even if its limbs are severed for the loved one. Love is giving; love is ever ready to give.

The man didn't even bother to thank the tree. He built his house. And the days flew into years.

The trunk waited and waited. It wanted to call for him, but it had neither branches nor leaves to give it strength. The wind blew by, but it couldn't even manage to give the wind a message. And still its soul resounded with one prayer only: "Come. Come, my dear. Come." But nothing happened.

Time passed and the man had now become old. Once he was passing by and he came and stood by the tree.

The tree asked, "What else can I do for you? You have come after a very, very long time."

The old man said, "What else can you do for me? I want to go to distant lands to earn more money. I need a boat, to travel."

Cheerfully, the tree said, "But that's no problem, my love. Cut my trunk, and make a boat from it. I would be so very happy if I could help you go to faraway lands to earn money. But, please remember, I will always be awaiting your return."

The man brought a saw, cut down the trunk, made a boat and sailed away.

Now the tree is a small stump. And it waits for its loved one to return. It waits and it waits and it waits. The man

will never return; the ego only goes where there is something to gain and now the tree has nothing, absolutely nothing to offer. The ego does not go where there is nothing to gain. The ego is an eternal beggar, in a continuous state of demand, and love is charity. Love is a king, an emperor! Is there any greater king than love?

I was resting near that stump one night. It whispered to me, "That friend of mine has not come back yet. I am very worried in case he might have drowned, or in case he might be lost. He may be lost in one of those faraway countries. He might not even be alive any more. How I wish for news of him! As I near the end of my life, I would be satisfied with some news of him at least. Then I could die happily. But he would not come even if I could call him. I have nothing left to give and he only understands the language of taking."

The ego only understands the language of taking; the language of giving is love.

I cannot say anything more than that. Moreover, there is nothing more to be said than this: if life can become like that tree, spreading its branches far and wide so that one and all can take shelter in its shade, then we will understand what love is. There are no scriptures, no charts, no dictionaries for love. There is no set of principles for love.

I wondered what I could say about love! Love is so difficult to describe. Love is just there. You could probably see it in my eyes if you came up and looked into them. I wonder if you can feel it as my arms spread in an embrace.

Love.

What is love?

If love is not felt in my eyes, in my arms, in my silence, then it can never be realized from my words.
I am grateful for your patient hearing. And finally, I bow to the Supreme seated in all of us.
Please accept my respects.

From Sex to Superconsciousness

Chapter #2

Chapter title: From repression to emancipation
28 September 1968 pm in Gowalior Tank Maidan

Early one morning, before sunrise, a fisherman went to a river. On the bank he felt something underfoot, and found it to be a small sack of stones. He picked up the sack, and putting his net aside, squatted on the bank to await the sunrise. He was waiting for dawn to break in order to start his day's work. Lazily he picked a stone out of the bag and threw it into the water. Then he cast another stone and then another. In the absence of anything else to do, he kept tossing the stones into the water, one by one.
Slowly the sun rose and it became light. By that time he had thrown all the stones away except one; the last stone lay in his palm. His heart almost failed him when he saw, by daylight, what he held in his hand. It was a gem! In the darkness, he had thrown a whole sack of them away! What had he lost unknowingly! Full of remorse, he cursed himself. He sobbed and cried, almost out of his mind with grief.
He had accidentally stumbled upon enough wealth to enrich his life many times over, but unknowingly, and in the

darkness, he had lost it. Yet in a way he was fortunate: still one gem was left; the light had dawned before he had thrown it away too. Generally, most people are not even that fortunate.

There is darkness all around and time is fleeting. The sun has not yet risen and we have already wasted all life's precious gems. Life is a vast treasure trove, and man does nothing with it but throw it away. By the time we have realized the importance of life, we have whiled it away. The secret, the mystery, the bliss, the deliverance, heaven -- all is lost. And one's life is spent.

In the next few days I intend to speak on the treasures of life. But it is difficult to enlighten people who treat life like a sack of stones. People are annoyed if you draw their attention to the fact that the very things they are throwing away are jewels, not stones. They flare up, not because what has been said is incorrect but because they have been shown their own folly, because they are reminded of what they have lost. Their egos step in; they get angry.

Even with what has been lost up to now; even if the life that is left is short; even if only one stone is left, your life can still be salvaged. It is never too late to learn. Help is still possible and, especially in the search for truth, it is never too late. There is still reason to feel confident.

But out of our ignorance and in the darkness, we have taken for granted that the sack of life is filled with nothing but stones. The faint of heart simply accept defeat before they make any effort to search for the truth.

To begin with, I want to warn against the pitfalls of fatalism, against this delusion of certain defeat. Life is not a pile of sand and stones; if you have the right eyes to see it,

there is much that is good in life. In life you will find the ladder to reach God.

Within this body of blood, flesh and bones, something or someone aloof from these things exists. It has nothing to do with flesh, blood or bones; it is immortal. It has neither beginning nor end. Formless, it is at the core of each one of us. From the darkness of your ignorance, I urge you, yearn for that imperishable flame!

But the immortal flame is disguised by the smoke of mortality, and so we cannot see the light. We encounter the smoke and step back. Those who are a bit more courageous search a little, but only in the smoke, and so they cannot reach the flame, the source of illumination, either.

How can we make this voyage to the flame beyond the smoke -- to the self within the body? How can we realize the Overself, the Universal? How can we come to know that which is camouflaged by nature, that which is hidden in nature?

I shall talk about it in three stages.

In the first place, we have smothered ourselves with such prejudices, inflated ideas and phony philosophies that we have deprived ourselves of the ability to see the naked truth. Without knowing, without searching, without any curiosity, we have ready-made hypotheses about life. For thousands of years we have been taught that life is meaningless, that it is useless and miserable. We have been hypnotized into believing that our existence is useless, purposeless, full of sorrow; that life is to be despised, to be by-passed. This constant repetition keeps tightening the stranglehold that is smothering us, so now we feel that life

is nothing more than a big noise, a big din, a hotbed of misery.

It is only because of this contempt for life that all joy and love have been lost to man. Man is now just a formless lump; he is a turbulent sea of sorrow. And it's not at all astonishing that, because of these misconceptions, man has stopped trying to reflect upon himself. Why try to search for beauty in an ugly lump? And when one firmly believes that life is simply meant to be thrown away, to be rejected, then what sense is there in trying to acknowledge it, in trying to cleanse it and to beautify it? The whole effort seems futile.

Our attitude to life is not unlike that of a man making use of a waiting room in a railway station. He knows he is only there for a while, that he will be leaving shortly. So of what importance is the waiting room? It is of no importance whatsoever; it is completely insignificant. He tosses odds and ends about; he spits; he dirties it; he is thoughtless; he's not concerned with his behavior: after all, he will be leaving it in a while. In the same way, we regard life as a temporary residence.

The current tendency is to ask why one should bother searching for truth and beauty in life. But I want to emphasize that life will come to an end in due course, and then there is no escaping the reality of life. We can change our houses, change bodies, but the essence of our life remains with us. That is the Self, with a capital `S'. There is absolutely no way to be rid of it.

We are formed by what we do. Ultimately, our actions make us or maim us. They change our lives. They shape our lives and mold our souls. How we live and what we do

with our lives formulates our futures. One's attitude to life guides the path of one's soul: how it will evolve, what hitherto unknown mysteries it will unravel. If man were aware that his attitude to life melodies his future, he would immediately drop this dismal view that life is discord, that it is useless and meaningless. Then he might realize the fallacy of the belief that existence is meant to be full of woe, that there is no scheme to things. Then he might come to know that everything that is opposed to life is irreligious. But we are taught the negation of life in the name of religion. The philosophy of religion has always been death-oriented, instead of life-oriented. Religion preaches that what comes after life is important, but that what happens before death has no significance whatsoever. Up to now, religion has revered death, but shown no respect for life. Nowhere is the joyous acceptance of the flowers and the fruits of life to be found; everywhere there is an obstinate clinging to dead flowers. Our lives are eulogies on the graves of dead flowers!

The focus of religious speculation has always been on the other side of death -- on heaven, on moksha, on nirvana -- as if what happens before death were of no concern at all. I want to ask, if you are unable to live with what happens before death, how will you be able to cope with what comes after life? It will be almost impossible! If we cannot avail ourselves of what is here, before death, we can never prepare or qualify for what comes after death. The preparation for one's death must be done during one's life! If there is another world after death, there too we will be confronted with what we have experienced in this life.

There is no escaping the after-effects of this life, in spite of all the harping about renouncing it.

I say there is not, nor can there be, any God but life itself. I also say that to love life is one's sadhana, one's path to God. The true religion is to avail one's self of life. To realize the ultimate truth that exists in life is the first auspicious step towards achieving total deliverance. The one who misses life is the one who is sure to miss everything else.

However, the tendency of religion is exactly the opposite: cast life away, renounce the world. Religion does not advise the contemplation of life; it does not help you to lead your life; it does not tell you that you will only find life as you live it, but it says that if your life is miserable it is because your perception of life is impure. Life can shower happiness on you if you only know the proper way to live it.

I call religion the art of living. Religion is not a way to undermine life, it is a medium for delving deeply into the mysteries of existence. Religion is not turning one's back on life, it is facing life squarely. Religion is not escaping from life; religion is embracing life fully. Religion is the total realization of life.

As a result of these basic misconceptions, only elderly people show any interest in religion these days. You will only find old people in the places of God -- in the temples, in the churches, in the gurudwaras and in the mosques. You will not see any young people there. Why? There is only one explanation: our religion has become a religion for people advanced in age; it is for those haunted by the fear of death, for those at the end of their lives, for those full of anxiety about what comes after death.

How can a religion based on the philosophy of death illuminate life? Even after five thousand years of religious teachings, the earth is sinking steadily from bad to worse. Although there is no shortage of temples, mosques, churches, priests, teachers, ascetics and the like on this planet, its people have not yet become religious. This is because religion has a false base. Life is not at the root of religion; religion is built on death. Religion is not a living symbol; religion is a gravestone. This kind of biased religion can never bring life to our lives.

What is the cause of all this ?

During these few days, I shall discuss the religion of life, the religion of the living faith -- and a certain elemental principle the common man is never encouraged to discover, nor even told about. In the past, the utmost was done to throw a blanket over this primary rule of life, to suppress this basic truth. And the result of this grave mistake has grown into a universal disease.

What is the basic drive of the average man?

God?

No.

The soul?

No.

Truth?

No.

What is at the core of man? What is the basic urge in the depths of the common man -- in the life of the average man, of the man who never meditates, never searches his soul, never undertakes any religious pilgrimages?

Devotion?

No.

Prayer?
No.
Liberation?
No.
Nirvana?
Absolutely not.
If we look for the basic urge in the common man, if we search for the force behind this life, we will find neither devotion nor God, neither prayer nor the thirst for knowledge. We will find something different there -- something that is being pushed into the darkness, that is never faced consciously, that is never evaluated. And what is that something? What will you find if you dissect and analyze the core of the average man?
Leave man aside for the moment. If we look at the animal or vegetable kingdom, what will we find at the core of anything? If we observe the activity of a plant, what do we find? Where is its growth leading? Its whole energy is directed toward producing a new seed. Its entire being is occupied with forming a new seed. What is a bird doing? What is an animal doing? If we closely observe the activities of nature, we will find that there is only one process, only one wholehearted process going on. And that process is one of continuous creation, of procreation, of creating new and different self-forms. Flowers have seeds; fruits have seeds. And what is the seed's destiny? The seed is destined to grow into a new plant, into a new flower, into a new fruit, into a new seed -- and so the cycle repeats itself. The process of procreation is eternal. Life is a force that is continuously regenerating itself. Life is a creativity, a process of self-creation.

The same is true of man. And we have christened the process "passion," "sex." We have also termed it "lust." This labeling amounts to name-calling; it is a kind of abuse. And this very disparagement itself has polluted the atmosphere.

Then, what is lust? What is passion? What is the force called "sex"?

Since time immemorial, waves have rolled in succession and dashed against the shore. The waves come in, break apart and fall back. Again they rush in. They push, they struggle, they disperse and fall back once again. Life has an inner urge to progress, to march forward. There is a kind of restlessness in these waves, and in life's waves as well. There is a continuous effort to achieve something. What is the aim? It is an intense desire for a better position; it is a passion to reach greater heights. Behind this never ending energy is life itself -- life striving for a good life, life striving for a better existence.

It's not long at all -- only a matter of some thousands of years -- since man first appeared on the earth. Before that, there were only animals. And it's not so very long since animals came into being either. Prior to that there was a time when there weren't any animals, when there were just plants. Nor have plants existed on this planet for a very, very long time. Before that there were only rocks, mountains, rivers and oceans.

And what was this world of rocks, mountains, rivers and oceans restless about? It was striving to produce plants. And gradually, ever so gradually, plants came into existence. The life-force had manifested itself in a new form. Then the earth was covered with vegetation. It

continued to bring forth life; it continued to procreate: flowers bloomed and fruit grew.

But the plants were also restless. They were not satisfied with themselves either; their inner urge was also for something higher; they were eager to produce animals and birds. Then animals and birds came into being and occupied this planet for ages. But man was nowhere in sight. And yet man was always there, inherent in the animals, striving to break through the barrier, striving to be born. Then, in due course, man entered existence.

Now, how about man? Man is ceaselessly endeavoring to create new life. And we have named this tendency "sex"; we have called it "passion," "lust." But what is the meaning of this lust?

The basic urge is to create, to produce new life. Life itself does not want to end. But what is it all for? Can it be that man, from within, is trying to bring forth a better man, a higher form of himself? Can it be that life is expecting a being far better than man himself? Sages from Nietzsche to Aurobindo, from Patanjali to Bertrand Russell have nurtured an image in their heart of hearts, a dream of how a man superior to themselves will come forth -- a superman. They have been asking how another being, better than man, can be produced.

We have deliberately condemned the urge to procreate for thousands of years. Instead of accepting it, we have abused it. We have relegated it to the lowest possible place. We have concealed it and pretended it is not there, as if there were no place for it in life, no room for it in the scheme of things.

The truth is that there is nothing more vital than this urge. And it should be given its rightful place. Man has not freed himself from it by covering it up and by trampling it; on the contrary, he has entangled himself in it even more. This repression has yielded the opposite result from the one expected.

Imagine a novice learning to ride a bicycle. The road may be big and wide, but if there is a small rock lying by the side of the road the cyclist will be afraid he will bump into the stone. There is a hundred-to-one chance against his running into that stone -- even a blind man would, in all probability, pass it safely by -- but because of his fear the rider is only aware of the stone. The stone looms large in his mind and the road vanishes for him. He is hypnotized by that stone, drawn to it, and in the end he dashes against it. He collides with that very thing from which he has done his utmost to save himself.

The road was big and wide, so how did this man have an accident?

The psychologist Coue says that the average mind is governed by the Law of Reverse-Effect. We collide with the very thing from which we are trying to save ourselves because the object of our fear becomes the center of our consciousness. In the same way, man has been trying to save himself from sex for the last five thousand years. And the result is that everywhere, in every nook and corner, he is confronted by sex -- in all its various forms. The Law of Reverse-Effect has arrested the soul of man.

Have you never observed that the mind is pulled towards and hypnotized by the very thing it is trying to avoid? The people who taught man to be against sex are fully

responsible for making him so aware of sex. The over-sexuality that exists in man can be blamed on perverted teachings.

Today we are afraid to discuss sex. Why are we so mortally afraid of this subject? It is because of a presupposition that man may become sexual just by talking about sex. This view is totally wrong. There is, after all, a vast difference between sex and sexuality. Our society will only be free of the ghost of sex when we develop the courage to talk about sex in a rational and healthy manner.

It is only by understanding sex in all its aspects that we will be able to transcend sex. You cannot free yourself from a problem by shutting your eyes to it. Only a madman thinks his enemy will vanish if he closes his eyes. The ostrich in the desert thinks in this way. The ostrich thrusts his head into the sand and, since he cannot see his enemy, he thinks his enemy is not there. This kind of logic is pardonable in the case of the ostrich, but in man it is unforgivable.

As far as sex is concerned, man behaves no better than the ostrich. He thinks that by shutting his eyes, by ignoring it, sex will vanish. If such miracles could occur, life would be very easy indeed. But alas, nothing disappears just by pulling down the blinds. On the contrary, this is proof that we are scared of sex, that its attraction is more powerful than our resistance. Because we feel we cannot conquer sex, we shut our eyes to it.

Shutting one's eyes is a sign of weakness, and the whole of humanity is guilty of it. Not only has man blatantly shut his eyes to sex, he has also entered into innumerable inner conflicts with it. The devastating results of this war with sex are too well known to be enumerated here. Ninety-eight

per cent of mental illness, of neurosis, is because of the suppression of sex. Ninety-nine per cent of the women suffering from hysteria and related illnesses suffer from sexual disorders. The major cause of fear, of doubt, of anxiety, of the stress and strain on contemporary man, is the pressure of passion. Man has turned his back on an inherent and powerful urge. Without attempting to understand sex, we have shut our eyes to it out of fear. And the results have been catastrophic indeed.

To see the truth of this, man need only scan his literature, the mirror of his mind. If a man from the moon or from Mars were to come here and go through our literature, were to read our books and our poetry, were to see our paintings, he would be surprised. He would wonder why all our art and literature is centered around sex.

"Why are all man's poems, novels, magazines and stories saturated with sex? Why is there a half-naked woman on every magazine cover? Why is every movie concerned with lust?" he would ask.

He would be perplexed. The alien visitor would wonder why man thought about nothing but sex. He would be even more confused if he met a man and talked to him, because the man would try, would try very hard, to impress upon him that he was totally innocent of the existence of sex. The man would talk of the soul, of God, about heaven, about emancipation, but he would not say a word about sex, although his whole being would be filled with ideas about sex. The alien would be stunned to learn that man has even invented a thousand and one devices to gratify a desire about which not a breath is uttered.

Man's death-oriented religion has made man sex-minded. And it has perverted him from another angle as well. It shows him the golden pinnacle of celibacy, of brahmacharya, but gives him no guidance in getting a foothold on the first rung, in understanding the base, in understanding sex.

First of all, we have to recognize sex and understand it; we have to comprehend this elemental urge. Only then can we strive to transcend it, to sublimate it, so we can reach the stage of celibacy. Without understanding this basic life-force in all its forms and facets, all man's efforts to restrain and suppress it will only help him degenerate into a sick and incoherent lunatic. But we do not concentrate on the basic illness, we spout the high ideal of celibacy. Man has never been so sick, so neurotic, so wretched or so unhappy. Man is completely perverted. He is poisoned at the root.

Once I was passing a hospital. I read on a sign, "A man stung by a scorpion was treated here. He was cured in a day and discharged."

Another notice read, "A man was bitten by a snake. He was treated and went home, hale and hearty, in three days."

A third report read, "A man was bitten by a mad dog. He has been under treatment for the last ten days and will be well quite soon."

Then there was also a fourth report. "A man was bitten by a man," it said. "It was many weeks ago. He is unconscious and there is a slim chance of his recovery."

I was surprised. Can a man's bite be so very poisonous?

If we are observant, we will see that a lot of poison has accumulated in man. Perhaps it is because of his quack doctors, but the foremost reason is his refusal to accept

what is natural in him, his refusal to accept his fundamental being. We have tried to curb and annihilate our inborn urges in vain; no attempts are made to transform them, to elevate them. We have forced ourselves to control that energy in a wrong way. That energy is bubbling in us like molten lava; it is always pushing from inside: if we are not careful, it may topple us at any moment. And do you know what happens when it gets the slightest opening?

I will illustrate with an example:

A plane meets with an accident. You are nearby and you rush to the scene. What is the first question that will come to your mind when you see a body in the debris?

"Is this person Hindu or Muslim?"

No.

"Is this person Indian or Chinese?"

No.

In a split second, and first and foremost, you will look to see whether the body is a man's or a woman's.

Are you aware why this question springs to mind first of all? It is because of repressed sex. It is the repression of sex that makes you so conscious of the difference between a man and a woman. You are able to forget the name, face or nationality of someone -- if I had met you, I might forget your name, your face, your caste, your age, your status, everything about you -- but you never forget the sex of a person, you never forget whether someone was male or female. Have you ever had any doubt that the person you had a conversation with, let's say, on the train to Delhi last year, was a man?

Why? When you forget everything else about a person, why can't you erase that aspect from your memory? It is

because the awareness of sex is so firmly rooted in man's mind, in his thought processes. Sex is ever-present, ever-active.

Neither our society nor our planet can ever be healthy so long as this iron curtain, this distance, exists between men and women. Man cannot be at peace with himself so long as this burning fire rages inside him, so long as he sits tightly on it. He has to strive to suppress it every moment of every day. The fire is burning us. It is scorching us. But even so, we are not prepared to face it, not prepared to look into it.

What is this fire?

It is not an enemy, it is a friend.

What is the nature of this fire?

I want to tell you that once you know this fire it will no longer be an enemy, it will become a friend. If you understand this fire, it will not burn you. It will warm your homes, it will cook for you, and it will also become your lifelong friend.

Electricity has flashed in the sky for millions of years. Sometimes it killed people, but nobody ever thought that this very same energy would someday run our fans and light our homes. Nobody could imagine these possibilities then. But today this electricity has become our friend. How? Had we shut our eyes to it, we would never have fathomed its secrets, we would never have utilized it; it would have remained our enemy, it would always have been an object of fear. But man assumed a friendly attitude towards electricity. He took it upon himself to understand it, to know it, and slowly, slowly, a lasting friendship

developed. Had that not happened, we would hardly be able to manage today.

The sex inside man, his libido, is even more vital than electricity. A minute atom of matter annihilated an entire hundred thousand people in the city of Hiroshima, but an atom of man's energy can create a new life, a new person! Sex is more powerful than an atom bomb. Have you ever thought about the infinite possibilities of this force, about how we can transform it to better mankind? An embryo can become a Gandhi, a Mahavir, a Buddha, a Christ. An Einstein can evolve from it; a Newton can be manifest in it. An infinitely small atom of sex energy has a towering person like Gandhi manifest in it!

But we are not inclined to even try to understand sex. We have to summon immense courage even to talk about it in public. What kind of fear is it that plagues us, so that we are not prepared to understand the force out of which the whole world is born? What is this fear? Why does sex alarm us so?

People were shocked when I spoke about sex at the first meeting last month, in Bombay. I received many angry letters asking me not to talk in this fashion, letters saying I should not speak on this subject at all. I wonder why one should not discuss this subject? When this urge is already inherent in us, why should we not talk about it? Unless we can understand its behavior, can analyze it, how can we hope to raise it to a higher plane? By understanding it we can transform it, we can conquer it, we can sublimate it. Unless that happens, we will die and still we will be unable to free ourselves from the grip of sex.

My point is that those who forbid talk about sex are the same people who have pushed humanity into an abyss of sex. Those who are frightened of sex, and have therefore convinced themselves they are innocent of sex, are lunatics. They have conspired to make the whole world a gigantic asylum.

Religion is concerned with the transformation of man's energy. Religion aims to integrate the inner being of man -- both his chaste aspirations and his basic urges. It is also true that religion should guide man from the lower to the higher, from darkness to light; to the real from the unreal, to the eternal from the ephemeral.

But to reach somewhere, one has to know the starting point. We have to start from where we are; it is imperative we know this place first. And this is more important at the moment than the place we want to reach. In this context, sex is the fact, the reality; sex is the starting point. But God? God is far from here. We can reach the truth of God only by understanding the starting point of the journey; otherwise we cannot move an inch. We will be lost. We will be on a merry-go-round, going nowhere.

When I spoke to you at our first meeting I could sense you were not prepared to face the realities of life. Then what more, if anything, can we do? What can we achieve? Then all this hullabaloo about God and the soul means nothing. It is all empty of conviction; it is all just false talk.

It is only by acquiring real knowledge about something that we can rise above it. In fact, knowledge is transcendence. And first of all, one fact must be comprehended fully: man is born out of sex. The whole of his being exists because of

the practice of sex. Man is filled with the energy of sex. The energy of life itself is the energy of sex.

What is this sex energy? Why is it such a powerful disturbance in our lives? Why does it pervade our entire beings? Why do our lives revolve around it, even to the end? What is the source of this urge?

Sages and seers have degraded sex for thousands of years, but man is still not convinced. For ages they have preached that we should defy sex, that we should banish all thoughts of it and all desires for it in order to be free from maya, from the illusory world -- yet man has not been able to break his shackles. You cannot be rid of sex like this; the approach is wrong.

Whenever I meet prostitutes, they never speak of sex. They inquire about the soul, and about God. I also meet many ascetics and monks, and whenever we are alone they ask about nothing but sex. I was surprised to learn that ascetics, who are always preaching against sex, seem to be captivated by it. They are curious about it and disturbed by it; they have this mental complex about it, yet they sermonize about religion and about the animal instincts in man. And sex is so natural.

We have neither wanted nor tried to understand this problem. We have never delved into the reason there is such a great attraction to sex.

Who teaches you sex?

The whole world is against its being taught. Parents feel children should not be allowed to know about it, and teachers agree. The scriptures say the same thing. There is no school or university to teach the subject of sex; every institute of learning forbids knowledge of it. But in

adolescence, a young man finds out for himself that his whole being, his prana, is filled with an anxiousness about sex. Then the age-old precautions fall. And sex wins.
How does this happen? Truth and love are preached, but the teachings don't hold up; they prove vulnerable.
Sex is firmly rooted in the core of our beings, but where is it anchored? Where is the center of this natural pull, of this pull that is so powerful, so profound? There lies the mystery. And it is necessary to recognize the mystery first; only then can we surpass it.
Fundamentally, what we feel as the attraction for sex is not the attraction for sex at all.
After every act of orgasm, a man feels drained, empty, depressed. He is sorry, with a pinch of heartburn. He thinks of avoiding this practice in the future. So, what is the source of this state of mind? It is because the desire is for something else, and not just for physical gratification.
Man cannot ordinarily reach the depths of his being that he reaches in the consummation of the sexual act. In the ordinary course of his life, in his daily routine, a man has a variety of experiences -- he shops, does business, earns his living -- but intercourse reveals the deepest of experiences to him. And this experience has profound religious dimensions: there, man reaches beyond himself; there, he transcends himself.
Two things happen to him in those depths.
First, in copulation the ego vanishes. Egolessness is created. For an instant, there is no "I"; for an instant, one does not remember oneself. Did you know that the "I" also dissolves completely in the experience of religion, that in religion the ego also dissolves into nothingness? In the

sexual act the ego fades away. Orgasm is a state of self-effacement.

The second thing about the experience of sex is that time is undone for an instant. Timelessness is created. As Jesus Christ has said of samadhi, "There shall be time no longer." In orgasm, the sense of time is non-existent. There is no past, no future; there is only the present moment. The present is not a part of time; the present is eternity.

This is the second reason man is so eager for sex. The craving is not for the body of a woman by a man or vice versa, the passion is for something else: for egolessness, for timelessness.

This sexual climax only lasts a moment, but for this brief moment a man loses a considerable amount of energy and vitality and later laments his loss. In some species of animals, males die after one act of intercourse alone. A particular insect in Africa can perform the act only once; its energy ebbs and it passes away in the act itself. It is not that man is unaware that intercourse diminishes his power, lessens his energy and brings death that much nearer. After each experience he regrets his indulgence, but in a short while he feels passionate again. Surely there is much deeper meaning to this pattern of behavior than meets the eye.

There is a subtler level to the sexual experience than the mere physical routine. It is a level that is religious in essence. To understand this experience you must pay careful attention. If you cannot grasp the meaning of this experience, you will live and die in sex alone.

Lightning shines in the darkness of the night, but the darkness is not part of the lightning. The only relation

between the two is that lightning only stands out at night, only in the darkness. And the same is true of sex. There is a realization, an exhilaration, a light that shines in sex, but that phenomenon is not from sex itself. Although it is associated with it, it is just a by-product. The light that shines in orgasm transcends sex; it comes from beyond. If we can comprehend this experience of the beyond we can rise above sex. Otherwise, we will never be able to.

Those who oppose sex blindly will never be able to appreciate the phenomenon in its proper perspective. They will never be able to analyze the cause of this insatiable desire for sex, of this deep craving for sex. What I wish to emphasize is that this strong and recurring pull toward sex is for the momentary realization of samadhi.

You can liberate yourself from sex if you can learn to attain to samadhi without sex. If a man who wants an article costing one thousand rupees is shown where one can be had for free, he would not be in his right senses if he were to go to the market to buy it so expensively. If a man can be shown how he can attain the same ecstasy he derives from sex by some other means and in much greater measure, his mind will automatically cease its rush towards sex; his mind will start racing in the other direction.

Man had his first realization of samadhi in the experience of sex. But sex is a costly affair, a very costly affair indeed. And it does not last for more than a moment; after a momentary climax, we return again to our original position. For a second, we reach towards a different plane of existence; for a second, we climb towards a peak of immense satisfaction. The momentum is towards the pinnacle, but we have hardly taken a step when we fall

back to first base. A wave aspires to reach the sky, but it has hardly risen noticeably when it already starts to fall. We are the same. It is for that ecstasy, for that joy, for that realization, that we accumulate energy from time to time and again start the ascent. We almost touch that subtler plane, that higher realm, but again we fall back to our original position, minus a considerable amount of power and energy.

So long as man's mind remains immersed in this river of sex he will repeatedly rise and fall again. Life is a continuous push towards egolessness, towards timelessness -- whether conscious or unconscious. The intense desire of the being is to know its real self, to know the truth, to know the original, eternal, timeless source -- to unite with that which is beyond time, to attain pure egolessness. It is to satisfy this unconscious inner desire of the soul that the world rotates around the axis of sex.

But how can we understand or develop any kind of rapport with this realization if we continue to deny the existence of this natural, inner and all-encompassing phenomenon. When we oppose sex as vehemently as we do, sex becomes the center of our consciousness: we cannot free ourselves from it; we become chained to it. The Law of Reverse-Effect comes into play and we become bound to it. We try to run away from sex, but the more we try to rid ourselves of it, the more we become entangled in it.

A man was ill. His illness was that he felt very hungry, but in fact he had no illness at all. He had read that the negation of life was the path to deliverance. He had read that fasting was religious and that eating was sinful. He had also been

told that eating was violent and contrary to the precepts of non-violence.

But, the more he thought of eating as sinful, the more he suppressed his hunger. And the hunger asserted itself in equal measure. He used to fast for three or four days and then, the following day, he would eat anything and everything, like a glutton. After eating he felt sorry for breaking his vow -- plus, overeating has its own reactions -- and then, to atone, he would have another spell of fasting. And again, after that, he would eat for a time.

At last he decided it was not possible to follow the righteous path while he lived at home, and so he renounced the world, went to the jungle, climbed a hill and found a solitary cave. The folks at home were sad, and his wife, assuming he must have overcome his eating illness in his retreat, sent him a bunch of flowers. She wished him an early recovery and a speedy return.

The man replied with a note, "Many thanks for the flowers. They were delicious." The man had eaten the flowers. We may not be able to imagine a man eating flowers instead of food, but we have not undertaken the sadhana of a fast, like that man had. Of course, those who are devoted to eating will be able to understand the situation very well indeed. In more or less the same proportion, everybody is committed to sex.

Man has started a war against sex. And the results of this war with sex are difficult to assess correctly. Does homosexuality exist anywhere but in man's so-called civilized societies? Aborigines who live in backward areas cannot imagine a man having intercourse with another man. I have stayed with tribal people, and when I told them that

civilized people practiced this, they were stunned; they could not believe it. But in the West there are homosexual clubs, and there are associations that claim that it is undemocratic to prohibit homosexuality when so many people practice it. They declare that the prohibition of homosexuality by law is a violation of fundamental human rights, that it is an imposition by a majority on a minority. The mentality that has given birth to homosexuality is the result of the war with sex.

Prostitution also exists in direct proportion to a society's civilization. Did you ever reflect on how the institution of prostitution came into being in the first place? Can you find a prostitute in the hilly areas of the tribal peoples, in our far-flung settlements? Impossible. These people cannot even imagine there are women who sell their virtue, who undergo intercourse for remuneration. But this trafficking in sex has developed with the advance of man's civilization. This is an act of eating flowers. And we would be still more astonished were we to take fully into account all the other perversions of sex, were we to examine the full range of all its ugly manifestations.

What has happened to man? Who is responsible for this ugliness and debauchery? Those who have taught man to repress sex instead of understanding it are responsible. Because of this suppression, man's sex energy is leaking from the wrong pores. Man's whole society is sick and wretched, and if this cancerous society is to be changed, it is essential to accept that the energy of sex is divine, that the attraction for sex is essentially religious.

Why is the attraction of sex so powerful? For it surely is powerful. If we can grasp the basic levels of sex we can lift

man out of sex. Only then can the world of rama emerge from the world of kama; only then can a world of compassion evolve out of this world of passion.

With a group of friends, I went to Khajuraho to see the world-famous temple there. The outermost wall, the periphery of the temple, is decorated with scenes of the sexual act, with the varied poses of intercourse. There are sculptures of many different poses, all in sexual postures. My friends asked why those sculptures were there, decorating a temple.

I explained to them that the architects who had built that temple were highly intelligent people. They knew that passion and sex exist on the circumference of life, and believed that those who were still caught up in sex had no right to enter the temple.

We entered. Inside, there was no idol to God. My friends were surprised, seeing no idol anywhere. I explained to them that on the outer wall of life itself lust and passion exist, whereas the temple of God is inside. Those who are still enchanted by passion, by sex, cannot reach the temple of God inside; they simply roam about the outer wall.

The builders of this temple were very sensible people. This was a meditation center -- sexuality on the surface, all around; peace and quiet at the core, at the center. They used to tell aspirants to meditate on sex first, to reflect fully on the copulation depicted on the outer wall, and when they had thoroughly understood sex and were certain their minds were free of it, they might go inside. Only then could they face God inside.

But in the name of religion we have destroyed any possibility of understanding sex. We have declared war on

sex, on our basic instinct itself. The standard rule is not to see sex at all, but to shut your eyes and blindly barge into the temple of God. But can anyone reach anywhere with his eyes closed? Even if you reach inside, you will not be able to see God with closed eyes. Instead, you will only see the thing from which you have been running!

Perhaps some people think I am a propagandist for sex. If so, please tell them that they haven't heard me at all. It is difficult these days to find a greater enemy of sex on the face of this earth than me. If people can pay attention to what I say -- without bias -- it is possible to liberate man from sex. This is the only course for a better humanity. The pundits we consider the enemies of sex are not its enemies at all, but its propagandists. They have created a glamour around sex; their vehement opposition has created a mad attraction for sex.

One man told me he wasn't interested in anything that was not disapproved of, challenged or resented. As we all know, the stolen fruit is always sweeter than the one purchased from the bazaar. That's why one's own wife isn't as appetizing as the neighbor's wife seems to be. The other is like a stolen fruit; the other is a forbidden treat. And we have given the same status to sex. It is very tempting. It has been given such a colorful coat of lies that it has become intensely attractive. Bertrand Russell has written that in the Victorian era, when he was a child, ladies' legs were never seen in public. The clothes they wore swept the ground, covering their feet completely. If by chance even a woman's toe were visible, a man would immediately ogle it; it would arouse his passion.

Russell further writes that today's women move about nearly half-naked with their legs fully visible, but notes that it doesn't affect us nearly as much. This proves, he writes, that the more we conceal a thing, the more it arouses our curiosity.

The first step to free the world from sexuality is to allow children to remain nude, as much as possible, in the home. As far as it is feasible, it is advisable to allow children, both boys and girls, to play in the nude, so that they become totally acquainted with each other's bodies. Then, tomorrow, there will be no necessity for them to snuggle up to each other in the streets. Then there will be no need to print nude pictures in books. Then they will be so familiar with each other's bodies that no kind of perverted attraction will be possible in the future.

But the way of the world is just the opposite. The people who have covered and concealed the body have unwittingly created so great an attraction for it that, although it has overtaken our minds, we still haven't felt the full impact. Children should remain nude and should play in the nude for a long time, so no seed of madness remains to plague them the rest of their lives.

But the disease is already there, and it is on the increase. The existence of the disease can be observed in the bulk of obscene literature now being published. People read it, hiding it between the covers of the GITA and the BIBLE. We shout that obscene books should be banned, but we never pause to think where the men who read them are coming from; we protest the displaying of nude pictures but never stop to ask why they are exhibited in the first place.

Sex is natural, but sexuality is the product of anti-sex teachings. If these teachings are followed, if the advice given in these unscientific sermons is taken, the soul of man will be totally filled with sexuality. It has almost happened. But, thank God, such teachers are not very successful. And because of their failure, man has been able to salvage some of his conscience, some of his discrimination. If man understands sex properly, he can rise above it. He should rise above it; it is necessary that he rise above it.

All our efforts to date have borne wrong results because we have not befriended sex but have declared war on it; we have used suppression and lack of understanding as ways of dealing with sex problems. The deeper a man's understanding, the higher he can rise above sex; the less his understanding, the greater his attempts to suppress sex will be. And the results of repression are never fruitful, never pleasing, never healthy.

Sex is man's most vibrant energy, but it should not be an end unto itself: sex should lead man to his soul. The goal is from lust to light.

To reach celibacy sex must be understood. To know sex is to be free of it, to transcend it; but even after a lifetime of sexual experience, a man is not able to detect that intercourse gives him a fleeting experience of samadhi, a peek into superconsciousness. That is the great pull of sex; that is the great allure of sex: it is the magnetic attraction of the Supreme. You have to know and to meditate upon this momentary glimpse; you have to focus on it with awareness. On everyone its pull is so tremendously strong.

There are other, easier ways to attain to the very same experience -- meditation, yoga and prayer are other alternatives -- but only the channel of sex has such a powerful influence on man. It is very important to consider the various ways there are to reach the same goal.

One friend wrote to say that he found my topic very embarrassing. He asked me to imagine the awkward position of a mother sitting in the audience with her daughter; he asked me to think of a mother attending my lecture, accompanied by her son. Further, he advises me that such things should not be discussed in front of just anybody. I replied that his objections were groundless and that he must be out of his mind. If a mother is sensible, she will relate her experiences of sex to her daughter in time, before she slips into a netherland of sex, before she loses herself in unknown, immature ways. If a father is sensitive in discharging his parental responsibility, he must freely discuss the subject with his son and daughter -- to warn them against the common pitfalls and to save their lives from possible perversion in the future.

But the irony of the situation is that neither the father nor the mother has any deep, conscious experience in the matter. They themselves haven't risen above the level of physical sex, and so they fear their children may become entangled at the same level as well. But, I ask you, did anybody guide you? You have entangled yourself. And your children will also entangle themselves. And it will be repeated in the second and third generations and so forth. But isn't it possible if your children are spoken to, if they are taught, if they are allowed to think freely for themselves, that they may save themselves from dissipating

their energy? They may conserve their energy. And they may transform it.

We have all seen coal many times. Scientists say that in a period of a few thousand years coal is transformed into diamonds, and that there is no chemical or structural difference between coal and diamonds. A diamond is the transformed manifestation of a piece of coal. A diamond is only coal.

I wish to tell you that sex is coal, whereas brahmacharya, celibacy, is diamond. Celibacy is a form of sex; celibacy is the transformation of sex. Celibacy is coal, but after it has undergone a certain process. And believe me, there is no enmity between the two extremes. No enemy of sex can ever become brahmacharya.

What do we mean by brahmacharya, by celibacy? It is the charya of Brahma; it is communion with God. It is the realization of the divine experience, of the experience of God. And, by the use of conscious understanding, it is possible to direct one's sexual energy on this path, on the path to God.

Tomorrow, I intend to speak to you about how the experience of kama, of lust, can be sublimated into that of Rama, of light. I wish you to listen attentively, so there will be no misinterpretation. And whatever questions come to mind, please ask them honestly. Send them to me in writing so that I can speak to you about them simply and directly in the next few days. It is not necessary to hide any questions that arise in your minds; there is no reason to hide the truth. It is pointless to try to run away from it. Truth is truth whether we shut our eyes to it or not. Only those who have the courage to face the truth are religious men. Those who

are weak and cowardly, those who are not even manly enough to face the facts of life, can never be helped to become religious.
In the coming days, I invite you to consider my topic. It is one on which your aged seers and sages cannot be expected to talk. And perhaps you are not used to hearing such discourses either. Your minds may react in fear, but I urge you to be patient and to listen attentively. It is quite possible the understanding of sex may lead you to the temple of your soul. That is my desire.
May God fulfill that desire.

From Sex to Superconsciousness

Chapter #3

Chapter title: The pinnacle of meditation
29 September 1968 pm in Gowalior Tank Maidan

I resume my talk with a small tale. Many, many years ago, in a certain country, there was a young and famous painter. He decided to create a truly great portrait, a lively portrait full of the joy of God, a portrait of a man whose eyes radiated eternal peace. And so, he set out to find someone whose face reflected that eternal, ethereal light.
The artist roamed from village to village, from jungle to jungle, in search of his subject, and at long last he came across a shepherd with shining eyes, with a face and features that held the promise of some celestial home. One look was enough to convince him that God was present in this young man.

The artist painted a portrait of the young shepherd. Millions of copies of the portrait were made and it sold far and wide. People felt great gratitude, just being able to hang the picture on their walls.

After a spell of some twenty years, when the artist had grown old, he decided to paint another portrait. His experience had shown him that life is not all goodness, that Satan also exists in man. The idea of painting a picture of Satan persisted; were he to fulfill the project, then the two pictures would complement each other, would show the complete man. He had already done a painting of godliness; now he wanted to portray evil incarnate.

He sought a man who was not a man but Satan. He went to gambling dens, to bars and to madhouses. This subject had to be full of hell's fire; his face had to show all that is evil, ugly and sadistic.

After a long search, the artist finally met a prisoner in a jail. The man had committed seven murders and had been sentenced to be hanged in a few days. Hell was evident in the man's eyes; they spouted hate. His face was the ugliest one could possibly hope to find. The artist began to paint him.

When he had completed the portrait he brought out his earlier picture and set it by the side of the new painting for contrast. It was difficult to assess which was better from an artistic point of view; both were marvelous. He stood, staring at both of them. And then he heard a sob. He turned and saw the chained prisoner, crying. The artist was bewildered. He asked, "My friend, why are you crying? Do these pictures disturb you?"

The prisoner said, "I have been trying to hide something from you all this time, but today I am lost. You obviously do not know that the first picture is also of me. Both portraits are of me. I am the same shepherd you met twenty years ago in the hills. I cry for my downfall in the last twenty years. I have fallen from heaven to hell, from God to Satan."

I do not know how true this story is, but one thing is for certain: each man's life has two converse sides; two portraits of everyone are possible. In every man both God and Satan exist; in every man there is the possibility of heaven, and the possibility of hell. A bouquet of beautiful roses can grow in man; a heap of mud can also pile up in him. Every man swings between these two extremes. Man can attain to either of these extremes, but most people are inclined towards the infernal. Those fortunate few who aspire to the eternal, who let godliness grow in them, are rare. Can we succeed in making our lives temples of God? Can we also become like the portrait that had the glimpse of God in it?

With this question I resume today's talk. How can man become the reflection of God? How is it possible to make man's life heaven, to make it fragrant, beautiful, harmonious? How is it possible for man to know that which is deathless? How is it possible for man to enter the temple of God?

In this context, the facts of life indicate that all our progress, so far, has been in the opposite direction. In childhood we are in heaven, but as we grow older, by and by we land in hell. The world of childhood is full of innocence and purity, but we gradually begin traveling a

road paved with lies and treachery and by the time we are mature we are old -- not only physically but also spiritually. Not only does the body become weak and infirm, but the soul falls into a ruinous state as well. But we simply accept this; we simply let the matter finish there. But we also finish ourselves.

Religion is fatalistic about this question, about this downfall, about this journey from heaven to hell. But this journey ought to be reversed. This journey should be a rewarding one -- from sorrow to joy, from darkness to light, from mortality to immortality. Man's inner urge is to reach the deathless from the deathbound; this is the thirst of man's innermost soul. The soul's only search is to reach from the darkness to the light. The basic drive of our primal energy is to reach from untruth to truth.

But for that voyage, man needs to conserve his energy; he needs to allow his energy to grow. To scale truth, to reach to the soul, man must strive to become a reservoir of limitless strength; only then can he reach to the eternal. Heaven is not for the weak.

I repeat, heaven is not for the weak. The truth of life is not for those who dissipate their energy, who allow themselves to become feeble and frail. Those who squander life's energies, who become insipid and impotent within, cannot undertake this expedition. It requires great energy to scale the heights.

Conservation of energy is a prime requisite of religion. But we are a weak, sick generation, and through this loss of energy we are progressively sinking to weaker and weaker levels. Our vitality is being drained away and all that is left inside is a honeycomb of dry cells; nothing is left but a

terrible emptiness. Our lives are one sad continuous story of loss; our lives are not productive at all.

Why does this unattractive situation exist? And how do we lose our energy?

The biggest outlet for man's energy is sex. Sex is a continuous drain, and it should be stopped. No one likes to lose anything, but as I told you earlier, there is an irresistible reason why man overdraws on his energy so much. Because of the blissful glimpse in sex, man is dragged, willy-nilly, into losing energy time and time again. The luminescent but transient rapture that comes with sex has such a great attraction for him that man is falling headlong into losing the very thing that is the basis of everything.

If the same ecstasy were available by some other means, would one not stop wasting one's energy through sex? Is there any other way to obtain that same experience? Isn't there any other way to realize the very same exalted experience where we fathom the deeper-than-deep recesses of the soul, where we touch the highest peak of existence, where we are given a revitalizing glimpse of subtle bliss and pure joy, where all definitions and all limitations evaporate? Is there any other way? Is there any technique for plunging into that serene abyss within ourselves? Is there any other process for uniting with the eternal source of peace and joy that exists in us all?

This knowledge will spark a transformation in man. Then he will turn his back on Kama and will turn towards Rama; then his journey will be "from lust to the Lord." Then an inner revolution will take place; then a new door will open.

If man is not shown a new door, he will continue to revolve in the same repetitive circle and will eventually destroy himself. But man's backward idea of sex has prevented him from even thinking about any other door, about any superior outlet. And a great and disruptive chaos has been created in his life.

Nature has endowed man with one door only, that of sex, but the teachings down the centuries have slammed that door shut, have jammed that release. In the absence of an adequate outlet, the swirling energy in man travels around and around, vainly pushing upwards: disintegrating his personality, degenerating him, turning him into a neurotic. Moreover, this disintegrated, neurotic man cannot even utilize the natural door of sex, and the onrush of energy from within shatters the walls and the windows of his being. As a consequence it erupts, and man falls and cracks his head, stumbles and breaks his arms and legs. Because it is confined by the closed, natural door, and because the supernatural door is not yet open, man's sex energy flows out through unnatural outlets. This is man's greatest misfortune. No new door has been opened yet, and the old door is already closed.

This is why I am firmly against the traditional teachings of enmity for, and suppression of, sex. It is because of the old teachings that sexuality has not only grown in man but has also become perverted. What is the remedy? Is there no other alternative?

Let us look at the situation carefully. The realization that comes in the moment of orgasm consists of two elements: egolessness and timelessness. Time freezes and the ego

evaporates. Because of the absence of the ego and the stoppage of time, one has a clear vision of one's own self -- of one's real self. But that glory is momentary, and then we are back in the same old rut. And in the meantime we have lost a considerable amount of energy.

The mind pines for that illumination; the mind yearns to grasp it again, but that light, that realization, is so transitory that we have scarcely glimpsed it when it disappears. What remains then is an urge, an obsession, a deep anxiety to achieve that experience again. Throughout the full span of his life, again and again man tries to grasp that glimpse, that exhilarating experience, but it never lingers.

There are two ways to attain superconsciousness, to reach the essence of the inner self: sex and meditation. Sex is the door provided by nature. Sex is the natural course: animals have it; birds have it; plants have it; man has it. So long as man avails himself of nature's door, he is not above the animals; he cannot rise above the animals. That door is also accessible to them. The day man finds a new door can be considered as the dawning of human-ness in him. Prior to that, we are not men; prior to that, our center coincides with the animals' center, with nature's center. Until we rise above this, until we transcend this, we are truly at the level of the animals. In appearance we are men. We clothe ourselves like men; we speak the language of men, but inside, at the core, at the center, we are like animals. And we can be no more than that. That is the reason the animal in us bursts forth at the first available opportunity.

During the commotion at the time of the formation of India and Pakistan, we came to know that a carnivorous animal lurks behind the mask of man. We came to know of what

the people who pray in the mosques and recite the Gita in the temples are capable: they loot; they slaughter; they rape. The very people who were seen praying in the temples and mosques the day before were seen raping in the streets. What had happened to them?

A man takes a holiday from being human whenever there's the slightest opportunity to let his obligations go -- and the animal, ever ready in him, springs forth. The animal is always anxious for free rein. And man is always tense -- curbing this animal, chaining it.

In a crowd, in a group, a man finds the opportunity to throw off his adopted garb of humanity and to forget himself. In a crowd, he develops the courage to forget himself, to forget the real identity he has been restraining. The animal is released. As an individual, no man has committed as many sins as he has in a crowd. A solitary man is a bit afraid someone may recognize him; he worries about what he is wearing. A solitary man will think first about what he is going to do; he is afraid others may call him an animal. But in the midst of a big crowd of people a man loses his identity; he is not worried about being spotted at all. Then he is part and parcel of the mass; then he does what the people around him are doing.

And what does he do? He hurls stones, he starts fires, he commits rape. As part of the mob, he seizes the opportunity to set his animal free. And that is why, every five to ten years, man is anxious for war, why he is always lying in wait, hoping for a riot to break out. If it is under the pretext of a Hindu-Moslem problem it is fine with him. If not, a Gujarati-Marathi cause will also suit his purpose. If the Gujaratis and Marathis are not ripe for rioting, then a

conflict between Hindi-speaking and non-Hindi speaking people will satisfy him. He needs an excuse, any excuse, to free the insatiable beast within.

The animal in man is frustrated by constant bondage; it is howling to get out. But unless this animal is vanquished, destroyed, man's consciousness can never rise above bestiality.

Our nature, our life-force, our energy, has only one easy outlet, and that outlet is sex. Sealing that channel will create problems, so before sealing it, it is very important to throw open a new door so that the energy can be diverted in a new direction. This is possible, but it has not yet happened for the simple reason that repression is much easier than transformation. It is easier to cover a thing, to sit upon it, than to tackle it, than to transform it -- because the latter demands the effort of a sadhana, of a steady course of meditative action. Hence, we have chosen the internal repression of sex.

At the same time, we are unaware that nothing can be destroyed by suppression; on the contrary, it is strengthened as a reaction. We also forget that repressing something intensifies our attraction for it. That which we repress not only becomes the center of our consciousness but also sinks into the deeper layers of our subconscious. We may repress it during our waking hours, but at night it flashes across our dreams. Inside it waits, anxious to lash out at the slightest opportunity.

Repression will not free man from anything; on the contrary, its roots will go deep into his subconscious and trap him as a consequence. In the process of trying to stamp out sex, man has entangled himself; he has become trapped.

Although animals have their limits and their periods, man has neither. Man is sexual each hour throughout the year. Without exception, no animal in the animal kingdom is sexual to this degree. Animals have a specific time for it, a period, a season; it comes and it goes. And afterwards an animal doesn't think about it again. But look at what has happened to man. The thing which man has tried to repress, has tried to suppress, shoots up throughout his life. It is an ever-active volcano.

Have you ever observed that no animal is sexual all the time, but that man leans toward sex in each and every situation? Sexuality fumes inside man, as if sex were all and everything in life. How has this perversion come about? How has this disaster occurred? Why hasn't it happened to any animal? There is only one cause: man has done his utmost to suppress sex. And it has erupted throughout his personality in equal measure.

And think of what we have done to suppress sex! We have had to develop an insulting attitude toward it; we have had to degrade it; we have had to abuse it. We have had to call it sin; we have had to shout from the rooftops, "Sex is sin!" We have had to proclaim that those who indulge in sex are contemptible, are to be despised. We have had to invent countless degrading names for sex in order to justify our suppression of it. But we have never worried for a moment that these abuses and objections would eventually poison our entire beings.

Nietzsche once made a very meaningful statement. He said that although religion had tried to kill sex by poisoning it, that sex was not dead, but still alive and full of poison. It would have been better had it died, but it was not to be; it

was poisoned but yet it lived on. The device misfired. The sexuality we see around us today -- is the epitome of poisoned sex.

Sex also exists in animals because sex is the source of life, but sexuality only exists in man. There is no sexuality in animals. Look into the eyes of an animal; you will not find lust there. But if you look into a man's eyes you will see nothing but lust; nothing but the gross desire for sex. And so, today, animals are beautiful in a way, but there is no limit to the ugliness and stench of man, the mad repressor.

As a first step in freeing man from sexuality, children -- both boys and girls -- should, as I told you yesterday, receive instruction in the subject of sex. In addition to their being given this knowledge, the ugly and unnatural distance between them should be erased. As a matter of fact, they should be brought much nearer; this segregation is completely unnatural.

Men and women have become altogether different species. By looking at the separation, at the man-made compartments between them, it is difficult to believe that men and women are of the same kind, that they are both part of mankind. If boys and girls were free to move about the house without clothes, as and when they liked, it would nip in the bud the obscene and unnatural curiosity that develops at a later age. We already know full well how this ignorance of each other's bodies shows up in the inquisitiveness of children: look how all children of civilized men love to play "doctor."

Furthermore, I wonder if you know about a new movement initiated by a segment of American society, all so-called religious people. Their aim is to stop dogs, cats, horses and

other animals being taken out unclothed; they want them to be dressed before they are taken into the streets. The idea behind it is that children may become corrupted if they look at naked animals. How funny it is to think of a child being corrupted by seeing a naked animal! But anyway, they are forming an association to ban unclothed animals from the streets. See how many things are being done to save mankind!

These so-called saviors are the very people who are destroying man. Have you never noticed just how wonderful and how beautiful the animals are, even unclothed? Even in their nakedness they are innocent, simple and plain. You rarely ever think of an animal as being naked, and you will never see animals as naked unless you are hiding your own nakedness inside you! But those who are afraid and those who are cowards will try anything and everything to compensate for their own fear of nakedness. Because of the invention of such remedies, mankind is degenerating, day by day.

Man ought to be so simple that he can stand up naked, unclad, innocent and full of bliss. A person like Mahavir undertook to stand up unclothed and, likewise, every man should cultivate a mentality whereby he could also stand up unclothed. People, so-called religious people, say that Mahavir discarded clothes, that he abandoned wearing garments. But I deny this. His chitta, his consciousness, became so clear, so innocent -- as pure as that of a child -- that he rose up, nude, to face the world. When there is nothing at all left to conceal, a man can lay himself bare. Man covers himself because he feels there is something inside that needs to be hushed up. But when there is

nothing to hide, one need not even put up with clothes. There is a great need for the kind of world where every individual will be so guiltless, so pure of mind and so serene that he will be able to discard his clothes.
Where is the crime? What is the danger in being naked? It is a different matter if clothes are worn for other reasons, but if they are worn solely out of one's fear of nakedness then this is contemptuous. Wearing clothes because of a dread of nakedness is indicative of a greater nakedness, is proof of a contaminated mind. But today we feel guilty even wearing clothes, as if we still haven't been able to scrub away the existence of our inner nudity.
Ah! God is so childish! He could so easily have created man with clothes.
By the way, please do not conclude that I am against the wearing of clothes. But I make no bones about stating that clothes worn out of sheer fear of nakedness do not cover nakedness; rather, they uncover it. This unnatural awareness of nakedness is contemptible, and degenerating. And this awareness has been decreed by a long social tradition.
A person can seem naked wearing clothes and a nude person can appear to be clothed. Is it necessary to elaborate further on this point after seeing the modern, skin-tight clothes for both men and women? This is the outcome of an unsatisfied desire to leer at and to display the body. If men and women were familiar with each other's bodies, clothes would automatically serve no other purpose than to protect the body. But alas, nowadays, clothes are designed to arouse sexuality.

Where is man's civilization going when clothes are no longer clothes but aids to sexuality? This is why I advocate letting children remain nude up to a certain age. They should understand that the necessity for clothes has to do with something other than sex!

Moreover, the concept of nakedness is a subjective one. To a simple mind, to an innocent mind, nudity is not offensive; it has its own beauty. But up to now, man has been fed on poison, and gradually, with the passage of time, this poison has spread from one pole of his existence to the other. Consequently, our attitude to nakedness is completely unnatural.

When I spoke on this topic at the first meeting, at the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan Auditorium, a lady came to me and said, "I am very upset. I am very angry with you. Sex is a scandalous subject. Sex is sin. Why did you speak about it at such length? I really despise sex."

Now, you see, this lady despises sex although she is a married woman with sons and daughters. How can she love the husband who leads her into sex? How can she love those children who have been born out of sex? Her attitude to life is permeated with poison; her love will remain poisonous. And so there is bound to be a basic and deep rift between this woman and her husband. There will also be a fence of thorns between her and her children because the latter, to her, are the fruits of sin. The relationship between her and her husband is sin-oriented; she is haunted by an unconscious guilt complex where sex is concerned. Can one live in harmony with sin?

Those who slander sex have disturbed everyone's marital life. Instead of affording any kind of deliverance, this

disruptive attitude against sex has had deeply injurious effects. The man who meets with an invisible barrier between himself and his wife can never feel content with her: he will look around for other women; he will go to prostitutes. All the women in the world could have been like sisters and mothers to him had he received full gratification at home, but because of its absence, he will now see all women as potential wives, always after something. It is but natural; it had to be so. He finds poison, repulsion, and talk of sin where he ought to have been blessed with bliss, with ecstasy and serenity. His basic needs are not met at home and so he roams everywhere, searching for satisfaction in every nook and corner. And what has man not invented to meet those basic needs! You would be amazed if we tried to list all the devices he has come up with.

Man has gone out of his way to devise many, many tricks but he has never thought carefully about the basic drawback. Now that which was a lagoon of love has become a pool of sex, and the pool is poisoned. And when there is an acute sense of sin, of poison; when there is a feeling of hesitation between husband and wife, this guilty approach ends the possibility of any growth in their lives together.

As I understand it, if a husband and wife can try to appreciate sex in harmony and with an understanding love towards each other, with a feeling of pure joy and without any sense of gloom, then their relationship can be transformed, elevated. And after this, it is possible that the wife, the same wife, will be there, but she will be in the form of a mother!

I have heard that Gandhi's wife, Kasturba, once went to Ceylon with Gandhiji and his party. In his welcoming speech, the host said how very fortunate they were to be honored by the presence of Gandhiji's mother, who was accompanying Mr. Gandhi on his trip and was seated beside him. Gandhiji's secretary was floored. The mistake was his; beforehand, he ought to have introduced the members of the party to the organizers. But then it was too late: Gandhiji was already facing the mike and had begun his speech. The secretary feared the rebuke he might get from Gandhiji afterwards, but he did not know that Gandhiji would not be angry with him at all, because the woman who is able to change from wife into mother is very rare indeed.

Gandhiji said, "It is a happy coincidence that the friend who introduced me has, by mistake, spoken the truth. In the last few years Kasturba has truly become my mother. At one time she was my wife, but now she is my mother."

Together, this can happen. If a husband and wife put a bit of effort into examining their sexual life together, they can become friends and can help each other transform sex. And the day a husband and wife succeed in transforming sex, a feeling of overwhelming gratitude is born between them. But nowadays there is nothing but a subtle and inborn enmity between husbands and wives. A constant tussle exists; never a serene friendship.

A sense of profound gratification is born between husband and wife when each serves as a medium to transform the sexual desires of the other. A true friendship flowers when they become partners in ascendancy, in the transcendence of sex. That day, the man is filled with respect for the

woman because she has helped him gain deliverance from lust; that day, the woman is filled with gratitude towards the man for freeing her from passion. From that day on, they live in the true harmony of love, and no longer in lust. This is the beginning of that voyage whereby the husband becomes God for his wife and the wife becomes a deity for her husband. But that possibility has been poisoned.

I stated yesterday that it is difficult to find a greater enemy of sex than I am. I do not mean to imply that I abuse or reproach sex; I said it apprehensively, as a guide in the direction of transcendence, as an indication of how lust can be transformed. I am an enemy of sex in the sense that I favor the transformation of coal into diamonds. I wish to transform sex.

How can this be done? What is the procedure?

I say that another door must be opened, a new door.

Sex does not rear its head as soon as a child is born. The body gathers energy, the cells gain strength, and still there is time before the full-fledged development of the body takes place. The energy will slowly muster itself, and then it will push open a door that has been shut for the first fourteen years -- and this is the child's introduction into the world of sex.

Once one door is open it is very difficult to open a new door. Because of the nature of the life-force, one's full vitality, one's entire energy, rushes along in the direction it has forced open. Once the Ganges has set its course it continues to flow along it; it does not seek out a new course every day. Fresh water may pour in daily, but it will continue to flow through the same channel. Similarly,

man's life-force digs out a course for itself and then continues to travel it.

If man is to be cured of sexuality, it is very important to create a new opening before the door of sex opens. That new opening is meditation.

Each child in his tender years should be taught meditation, should be instructed in meditation. False teachings against sex should be abolished, and meditation should be taught. Meditation is a positive door; it is a higher opening. A choice between sex and meditation must be made, and meditation is the superior alternative. Do not condemn sex; teach children to meditate.

Being opposed to teaching children about sex only alerts them to its existence. And this is a highly dangerous approach. Later, it leads to the perversions of immature sexuality. As yet, when no door has opened, when both the doors are shut, when the energy is still safe, either door can be pushed open -- but this constant harping against sex is like knocking on sex's door.

A supple young plant can be bent in any direction; it can also bow humbly of its own accord. But as it grows, it hardens. If you try to bend it then, it will become misshapen, it will break. The case here is the same.

It is very difficult to attain the state of meditation when one is older. Older people trying meditation is like sowing seeds after the season is over. The seed of meditation can easily be sown in children, but man, as he is, only shows interest in meditation towards the end of his life. He is anxious to meditate then -- when his energy has ebbed, when all the possibilities of progress have dried up. Only then does he inquire about meditation and yoga. He wants

to reform himself when the die has already been cast, when transformation is very difficult indeed. A man with one foot in the grave asks if anything can be done to attain freedom through meditation. This is strange. The notion is quite mad.

This planet can never be at peace until we launch a journey into meditation in every young mind. But it is futile to try this with people who are at the end of the road, with people who are in the evening of their lives. Even if it were to be attempted by them it would demand enormous effort and, also, would not be to much advantage. But it could have been achieved had it been attempted earlier in life, when it does not call for so much effort.

So the first step towards the transformation of sex is to begin meditation in small children -- to coach them to be calm and to keep their own counsel, to teach them to be silent and to enlighten them about the state of no-mind. Although children are already calm and peaceful by adult standards, if they were guided in the right direction and taught to practice reticence and serenity even for a little while each day, a new door would open before they were fourteen years of age. Then, when sex rears its head, when the energy wells up and is about to spill over, it would flow through the new door that has already been opened. They would already have realized the serenity, the bliss, the joy, the timelessness and egolessness of meditation long before the experience of sex. This familiarity would prevent their energy from moving into wrong channels; it would divert it onto the right path.

Instead of teaching the tranquility of meditation, we teach children to abhor sex. "Sex is sin, sex is dirty," we say. We

tell them it is ugly and bad; we say that it is hell. But name-calling does nothing whatsoever to alter the actual situation. On the contrary, children become curious; they want to know more about this hell, about this evil, about this dirty thing that makes their parents and teachers afraid and panic-stricken. They look anywhere and everywhere for the answer; they are anxious to understand what the commotion is all about.

And within a very short time, children come to know that their parents themselves are engaged in the very same pursuit; day and night, their parents are doing the very thing they are not allowed to know anything about. The instant and automatic result of the discovery of this fact is the end of their admiration for their parents. Modern education is not responsible, as it is generally believed, for the great decrease in the reverence for parents; the parents themselves are to blame for this. Children quickly observe the paradox; they soon come to know that their parents are completely submerged in the very thing they are being taught to hate.

Children are very acute observers. They see that your night-life is different from your day-life, that your preachings and your practices differ widely. They see what goes on in the house. Despite what father calls "dirty" and mother calls "bad," they see that the same things are afoot at home. They understand what is happening and, this being the case, lose all reverence for their parents. Parents are tricky, hypocrites, the children conclude.

And remember, children who have lost their faith in their parents will never be able to develop any faith in God. Children have their first glimpse of faith, their first glimpse

of God, through their parents. If this faith is shattered, they will surely grow up to be atheists. Children have their first recognition of God in the righteousness of their parents, and if that proves to be illusory, it will be difficult to turn those children to God. The rapport between them and God will be broken because their first deities betrayed them, because their mother and father proved to be dishonorable. Today, the modern younger generation denies the existence of God, ridicules the idea of liberation and calls religion humbug, not because they have searched for themselves and therefore arrived at their own conclusions, but because of this betrayal by their parents. Their parents have exiled them to lives of cynicism.

This feeling of betrayal has come about because sex has been wrongly represented by their elders. It should be openly explained to them that sex is part and parcel of life, that we are all born out of sex, and that sex is also part of their lives. This will help them to understand their parents' behavior in its proper perspective, and when they grow and experience life for themselves they will be filled with reverence for the honesty of their parents. The beginning, in a child, of this faith and reverence will lay the foundation for a religious life. Children today suspect that their parents are hypocrites; hence the present ideological clash between the younger and the older generations. The suppression of sex has separated husband from wife and has set children against their parents.

We do not need this repression of sex; clarification of sex is the need of the hour. As soon as children mature, as soon as they inquire, parents should lay the principal facts of life before them in a palatable manner. This ought to be done

before children become unnecessarily or harmfully curious, before they begin to nurture unhealthy attractions that can lead them to satisfy their curiosities in wrong quarters. Otherwise, as is the case today, children find out what they want to know, but they find it out from the wrong people, they find it out under abnormal conditions and through dangerous practices. These ways are detrimental and ruinous. The results pain and torture them for the rest of their lives, and ultimately a wall of shame and secrecy exists between children and their parents.

Parents never know about the sex lives of their children, just as children are ignorant of the sex lives of their parents. The alienation that results from this game of hide-and-seek is very dangerous indeed. Children must be properly educated about sex; they must be given the right education.

Secondly, children should be taught to meditate -- how to remain calm, serene, silent; how to reach the state of no-mind. Children can learn to accomplish this very, very quickly. Every home should have a scheduled program to help children move into silence. And that will only be possible, when you, as parents, also practice with them. A daily hour of sitting silently should be compulsory in every home. One should even do away with a meal if necessary, but an hour of silence must be observed at all costs. It is wrong to call that house a home where an hour of silence isn't observed daily. It can not even be called a family.

A daily hour of silence will conserve energy. And then, at the age of fourteen, it will surge in a tide and push open the door of meditation -- that state of meditation where man touches timelessness and egolessness, where he glimpses the soul, where he glimpses the Supreme. A meeting with

that summit before the experience of sex would put a stop to the mad rush after sex; the energy would have found a better, more blissful, more exalted path.

This is the first stage in the process of celibacy: to transcend sex. And the way is meditation.

The second fundamental is love. Children should be taught love from infancy. The common fear is that teaching love will lead man into the labyrinths of sex. But this fear is groundless. Teaching sex can lead man to love, but teaching love will never drag him into sexuality. The truth is at odds with the general belief. The energy of sex is transformed into love.

A man is able to spread love to those around him in direct proportion to the love that grows within him. Those who are empty of love are filled with sex. And sex-minded they remain. The less a man loves, the more he hates; the less love there is in a man's life, the more spiteful his life will be. And those who are devoid of love are filled with jealousy to the same degree. The less a man loves, the more strife he will know. People are worried and unhappy in direct proportion to the lack of love in their lives. And the more a man is engulfed by worry, jealousy, vanity, lies and the like, the more his energies will weaken, will become frail and feeble; he will be tense all the time. And the only outlet for this crude, crass, low and debased group of emotions is sex.

Love transforms energies. Love is fluid, creative, flowing; it fulfills. And the gratification of love is much deeper and much more valuable than that obtained through sex. One who knows that contentment will never look for any

substitute, just as the man who acquires jewels will never search for stones.

But a man full of hate can never find contentment. He is always restless; he destroys everything in his path. And destruction never brings happiness; only creation can shower a man with a feeling of gratification. A man full of jealousy is belligerent and competitive, but being like this never brings contentment. An aggressive man only encroaches upon others.

Bliss can only be attained by giving, never by taking. Grabbing and hoarding everything in sight will never bring peace of mind, but it can be had by giving, by beneficial distribution. An ambitious man hops from one post to another; he is never at peace -- but those who are not after power but are in pursuit of love, those who distribute love anywhere and everywhere, live in exalted bliss. As full of love as a man is, such is the depth of the contentment, of the deep satisfaction, of the joy, of the sense of achievement he will find in his heart of hearts. Such an enlightened man will not bother with sex; he will not even have to try not to look in its direction. Because the contentment and bliss to be found in sex is perpetually available to him from love.

The next motto: grow to the fullness of love. We should adore love; we should bestow love; we should live in love. But to love other men alone is not the name of the game; to be devoted to love is to replenish one's whole personality with love. I am speaking of a total education in loving. We should be able to pick up a stone as if we were lifting a friend; we should be able to shake hands with an enemy as if we were holding the hand of a friend.

Some men handle material things with loving care, while some give other men the kind of treatment that should not even be handed out to non-living things. To a man preoccupied with hate, humans are no better than inanimate objects; but a man full of love even imparts an individuality, a personality, to everything he touches.

A learned traveler once came to see a celebrated fakir. For some reason the man was upset, probably because of a difficult journey, and he angrily undid his shoelaces, tossed his shoes into a corner and pushed the door open with a heavy thud.

In anger, a man will take off his shoes as if the shoes were his worst enemy. He will even open a door as if there were great hostility between him and the door. The man threw open the door, went in, and offered his respects to the fakir. The fakir said, "No, I do not accept your homage. First go and apologize to the door and to the shoes."

"What is wrong with you?" he asked. "Apologize to a door? And to a pair of shoes? Why? Are they alive?"

The fakir replied, "You didn't consider that when you took your anger out on those inanimate objects. You dashed the shoes down as if they had been guilty of something, and you opened the door in such a fashion that it seemed to be your enemy. When you can acknowledge their individuality by taking out your anger on them, you should also be prepared to beg their pardon. Please go and offer them your apologies. Otherwise, I am not inclined to continue this interview with you."

The traveler figured that since he had come so far to meet this illustrious fakir, it would be ridiculous to end the conversation over such a trivial matter, so he went to the

shoes and with folded hands, said, "Friends, pardon my insolence." To the door he said, "Sorry. It was a mistake to push you like that in anger."

What a moment for him!

In his memoirs the traveler has written that he felt very ridiculous at first, but that when he had finished making his apologies something new had dawned in him: he felt so calm, so serene, so peaceful. It was beyond his wildest imaginings that a man could feel so quiet, so collected and so joyful just by asking forgiveness of a door and a pair of shoes.

After he had made his apologies, he went in and sat down by the fakir, who began to laugh and said, "Now it is okay. Now you are attuned. Now we can talk. Now you have shown some love and are unburdened. Now there can be a rapport between us."

The principle is not just to love human beings alone, it is a question of being filled with love.

To say one should love his mother is wrong; it is a misrepresentation. If a father asks his child to love him just because he is his father it is deception; he is giving a reason for love. Similarly, if a mother tells her child he must love her for the simple reason that she is his mother, it is an imposition. The love that has the strings of "because" and "therefore" attached to it is misnamed. Love should be motiveless; it should not be bogged down with reasons. The mother says, "I looked after you; I brought you up, therefore love me." She is giving a reason. And there, love ends. If a child is forced, he may unwillingly show some affection because she is his mother, but the aim of teaching love is not to force the child to express love for some

reason, but to create an environment in which the child will be full of love.

It must be brought home to you that a child's growth, his whole personality, his entire future, depends on this joy at being loving to anybody or anything he meets -- be it a stone, a human being, a flower, an animal, whatever. The point is not just to love an animal or a flower or his mother or someone else, the whole point is for the child to be full of love. On this depends not only his future, but the future of mankind. The tremendous possibilities for the flowering of joy and of happiness in a man's life depend on how much love there is inside him. A loving man can also be freed from sexuality. But we do not bestow love; we have no zeal for love.

Do you think a man can love one person and hate another at the same time? No, it is impossible. A loving man, even when he is alone, is full of love because love is his nature; it has nothing to do with your relationship to him. An angry man is angry even when he is alone; a man full of hate hates even when he is alone. Observe such a man when he is alone and you will feel his anger even though he may not be showing his anger to anyone in particular at the time. His whole being simply overflows with hate, with anger. Conversely, if you see a love-filled man, you can feel him brimming over with love even when he is alone.

Flowers blooming in the jungle spread their fragrance whether there is anyone there to appreciate it or not, whether anyone is passing by or not. To be fragrant is a flower's nature. Do not be under the illusion that a flower emits its fragrance just for you!

People should simply be full of love; it should not depend on "with whom." But the lover wants the beloved to love only him, to love no one else. "Love me alone," he says, but he does not know that those who cannot love all cannot love one. The wife says her husband should love only her and not show affection to anybody else, but she does not realize that such love is false and that she has caused it to be so. How can a husband who is not always full of love for everybody be loving towards his wife?

To be loving is the nature of life. One cannot be full of love for one person and devoid of love for everyone else. But mankind hasn't been able to see this simple truth. The father asks the child to love him, but has he ever taught the child to love the old servant in the house? Isn't he a man too? The servant may be old, but he may also be someone's father. No, he is just a servant, and so there is no question of being courteous or loving towards him. But this father does not realize that when he has grown old he will complain when his sons do not show him any affection. His sons could have grown into men filled with love had they been taught to love all. And then they would have revered their old father as well.

Love is not a relationship, love is a state of mind. It is an essential component of a man's personality. Therefore, the second stage in the teaching of love is to teach the child to love all. If a child does not even replace a book properly, his attention should be drawn to the fact that it is unseemly to replace the book that way. He should be made aware of what people will think of him if he treats the book in that fashion. If you have behaved brutally, even to your dog, it indicates a shortcoming in your personality; it is proof that

you are devoid of love. And one who is not full of love is not a man at all.

I recall the story of a fakir who lived in a small hut. One night, about midnight, it was raining heavily and the fakir and his wife were asleep. Suddenly, there was a knock on the door: someone wanted shelter.

The fakir woke his wife. "Somebody is outside," he said. "Some traveler, some unknown friend."

Have you noticed? He said, "Some unknown friend." You do not even befriend those you know. His attitude was one of love.

The fakir said, "Some unknown friend is waiting outside. Please open the door."

His wife said, "There is no room. There is not even enough room for the two of us. How can one more person come in?"

The fakir replied, "My dear, this is not the palace of a rich man. It cannot become any smaller. A rich man's palace seems smaller if even one more guest arrives, but this is the hut of a poor man."

His wife asked, "How does the question of poor and rich come into this? The plain fact is that this is a very small hut!"

The fakir answered, "If there is enough room in your heart, you will feel that this hut is a palace, but if your heart is narrow, even a palace would seem small. Please open the door. How can we refuse a man who has come to our door? Up to now, we have been lying down. Three may not be able to lie down, but at least three can sit. There is room for another if we all sit."

The wife had to open the door. The man came in, soaking wet. They sat together and started to chat. After a while, two more people came and knocked on the door.
The fakir said, "It seems someone else has come," and asked the guest sitting nearest the door to open it. The man said, "Open the door? There is no space." The man, who had himself taken shelter in this hut moments before, forgot that it was not the fakir's love for him that had given him a place, but that he had found shelter because there was love in the hut. And now, some new people had come. And love must accommodate the newcomers.
But the man said, "No, it is not necessary to open the door. Don't you see the difficulty we're having, squatting here?"
The fakir said, "My dear man, didn't I make room for you? You were allowed in because there is love here. It is still here; it has not ended with you. Open the door, please. Now we are sitting apart from each other, so we will simply huddle together. Moreover, the night is cold and it will give us warmth and pleasure to sit so snugly together."
The door was opened and the two newcomers came in. They all sat together and began to get acquainted.
Then, a donkey came and pushed at the door with its head. The donkey was wet; it wanted shelter for the night. The fakir asked one of the men, who was almost sitting on top of the door, to open it. "Some new friend has come," the fakir said.
Peeking outside, the man said, "This isn't a friend or anything like a friend. It's just an ass. It's not necessary to open up."
The fakir said, "Perhaps you are not aware that at the door of the rich, men are treated as animals, but this is the hut of

a poor fakir and we are accustomed to treating even animals as human beings. Please open the door."
In unison, the men groaned, "But the space?"
"There is plenty of space. Instead of sitting, we can all stand. Don't be upset. If it becomes necessary, I will go outside and make enough room."
Can love not do this much as well?
It is imperative to have a heart full of love. A loving attitude is what we all should have.
Humanness is only born in a man when he has a loving heart. And with a loving heart comes a feeling of deep contentment, a deep and delightful contentment. Have you never noticed, after you've shown a little love to someone, that a great wave of contentment, a great thrill of joy pervades your entire being? Have you never realized that the most serene moments of contentment were those which came in moments of unconditional love?
Pure love can only survive if it is not adulterated by conditions; a conditional love is not love. Have you never had a feeling of contentment after having smiled at a stranger in the street? Didn't a breeze of peace follow it? There is no limit to the wave of tranquil joy you will feel when you lift a fallen man, when you support a fallen person, when you present a sick man with flowers -- but not when you do it because he is your father or because she is your mother. No, the person may not be anyone in particular to you, but simply to give a gift is itself a great reward, a great pleasure.
Love should well up inside you -- love for plants, love for human beings, love for strangers, love for foreigners, love

for those on their way toward the moon and the stars. Your love should be ever on the increase.

The possibility of sex in a man's life lessens as love increases within him. Love and meditation will open that door which is the door to God. Together, love and meditation touch God, and then celibacy flowers in a man's life. Then the entire life-force ascends through a new passage. Then it does not leak out gradually; then it never recedes. The energy rises upwards from within; it rises on its voyage to heaven. Our journey, at present, is towards the lower levels. By nature, the energy only flows downward, into sex, but celibacy is the upward journey. And love and meditation are the basic ingredients of celibacy.

Tomorrow, we will talk about what we attain through celibacy. What do we acquire? To what heights does it lead us?

Today I spoke to you of two things: love and meditation. I told you that training should begin at the infant stage, but you should not infer from this that since you are not children any more nothing remains for you to do. In that case, my labors go to waste. Whatsoever your age, this good work can be begun any day. Although it becomes harder with the advent of age, the journey on this path can be undertaken at any time of life. It is better to begin this journey in childhood, but it is good to undertake it at any stage in life. You can begin today. Older people who are willing to learn, who have an aptitude for learning, are still children even if they are old in years. They, as well, can start afresh; they, as well, can learn, if they haven't taken for granted that they already know everything or that they have already achieved everything desirable.

Gautam Buddha had a disciple who had been a devotee for many years, and one day Buddha asked him, "Monk, what is your age?"
The monk replied, "Five."
Buddha was surprised. "Five years old? You look at least seventy. What kind of answer is this?"
The monk replied, "I say this because the ray of meditation entered my life five years ago, and only in the last five years has love showered in my life. Before that, my life was like a dream; I existed in sleep. When counting my age I do not consider those years. How can I? My real life only began five years ago. I am only five."
Buddha told all his disciples to note the monk's answer well.
You should all count your ages in this manner; this is the standard for calculating age. If love and meditation are not yet born in you, your life, up to now, is negated; you are not born yet. But it is never so late that you cannot start trying. We should all strive for a higher life. And for that it is never too late.
So do not conclude from my words, because you have passed through childhood, that this talk is meant for future generations only. At no time has any man gone so far on the wrong path that he cannot return to the right one; no man has become so wayward that he cannot benefit from the true light.
Comparatively speaking, this journey does not require much endeavor. The returns in accomplishment and satisfaction at the dawn of enlightenment are much greater than any efforts you have made. The mere glimpse of that ray of light, of that joy, of that truth, gives us the feeling we

have achieved such a lot with such little effort; it shows us we have attained the invaluable with very insignificant efforts indeed.
Please do not view my words in the wrong frame of mind. This is my humble request to you all.

From Sex to Superconsciousness

Chapter #4

Chapter title: Sex, the super-atom
30 September 1968 pm in Gowalior Tank Maidan

Here is a story. In a small village school, the teacher was teaching the story of Rama. Almost all the children were dozing. This occurrence was not unusual at the recitation of the Ramayana; even grownups nap at such times. The story has been told and retold so many times it has lost its significance; the novelty is gone.
The teacher recited mechanically, not even glancing at the open book before him, and even an outsider could have seen that he was dozing too. He knew it by heart and was narrating the episodes like a parrot. He was not at all aware of what he was saying. One who has memorized something never knows the meaning of what he is saying.
Suddenly there was a sensation in the class: the inspector had come in. The pupils became attentive, and the teacher became alert as well. The teacher continued the lesson.
The inspector said, "I am happy to see you are teaching the Ramayana. I will ask the children something about Rama."
Assuming that children easily remember tales of broken

things or of battles, he asked a simple question: "Tell me, children, who broke the bow of Shankara?"
One boy raised his hand, stood up and said, "Excuse me, sir. I didn't break it. I was away for fifteen days. And I don't know who broke it either. I want to clear this up right now, because whenever anything happens in this school I am the first to be blamed for it."
This hit the inspector like a bolt from the blue. He turned to the teacher, who was about to lift his cane, and heard the teacher say, "This rascal is surely the culprit. He is the worst one of all." He roared at the boy, "If you didn't do it then why did you get up and say that you didn't do it?" He said to the inspector, "Do not be misled by this boy's sweet talk!"
The inspector thought it better not to say anything, so he simply turned and left the class. But he was furious, and went straight to the headmaster's office to narrate the incident in full. He demanded to know what the headmaster intended to do about it.

The headmaster urged the inspector not to pursue the matter any further. He explained that it was a precarious thing these days to say anything to the students. "No matter who might have broken it," he said, "let the matter drop. There has only been peace in the school for the last two months. Before that, the students broke and burned much furniture. It is better to keep still. Saying anything to them these days will only invite grave trouble. There could be a strike, a dharna, a fast unto death at any time!"
The inspector was flabbergasted; he was completely stunned. He went to the chairman of the school committee

and told him all about what had happened -- that the Ramayana was being taught in a class, that a boy had said he hadn't broken Shankara's bow, that the teacher had said that the boy must be the culprit, that the headmaster had begged that the matter be dropped no matter who was responsible, saying that it was unwise to pursue this, that there was constant fear of a strike, etcetera, etcetera. The inspector asked the chairman for his view.

The chairman said he felt the headmaster had been wise in his policy. "Furthermore," he added, "don't bother about the culprit. No matter who broke the bow, the committee will get it repaired. It is better to get it repaired than to dig into the cause."

The inspector, who had been totally disgusted by the situation, related his experience to me. I told him there was nothing basically new in his tale. It is a common human weakness to boast of things about which we know nothing at all.

Nobody remembered the part in Ramayana about the breaking of Shankara's bow. Wouldn't it have been better for them to have asked, "Which Shankara?" But nobody was prepared to acknowledge his own ignorance. No man is that bold. This has been the biggest pitfall in the history of mankind. This weakness has proved suicidal. We act as if we know everything and confuse our lives as a result. All our answers to all our problems are like those given by the boy, by the teacher, by the headmaster and by the chairman. Attempting to answer without understanding the question makes a man a fool. This is sheer self-deception.

In addition to this, there is the attitude of indifference. The indifferent man would ask, "Now, really, is all hell going to break loose if we don't know who broke Shankara's bow?" In contrast to the problems of this silly tale, there are more profound enigmas in life, and on their proper solution depends whether life can be decent or not, whether life can be harmonious or not, whether our present direction is the right one for progress or not, and so on. We think we know the answers, but the consequences show how inaccurate our perception of life really is. The life of each one of us shows that we do not know anything about life at all. Otherwise, how come there is so much despair, so much misery, so much anxiety?

I say the same thing as far as our knowledge of sex is concerned. We do not know anything about it. Perhaps you will not agree. You will argue, "It is quite possible we do not know anything about the soul or God, but how can you say we do not know anything about sex?" You will probably reply that you have a wife and that you have children. And yet I dare to tell you that you do not know anything about sex, although it may be very difficult for you to agree with what I say. You may have gone through sexual experiences, but you know no more about sex than an animal. To go through a process mechanically is not enough to know it.

A man may have driven a car for a thousand miles, but it does not necessarily follow that he knows anything about the engine. He might ridicule my statement, saying he had just driven a thousand miles, but I still venture to make the accusation that he knows nothing about the car. I repeat,

driving a car is different from knowing the internal mechanism.

A man presses a switch and there is light. He presses it again and the light goes off. He has done it innumerable times. He can say that he knows all about electricity because he can switch it on or off at will, and we will say that he is a fool, that even a child can turn a switch on and off, that no knowledge of electricity is necessary.

Anybody can marry. Anybody can produce children. It has nothing to do with an understanding of sex. Animals procreate, but it does not mean they know anything about sex.

The truth of the matter is that sex has not been studied scientifically. No philosophy or science of sex has developed because everyone believed he knew about sex. No one has seen the need for a scripture of sex. This is a very grave mistake by mankind.

The day we fully develop a scripture, a science, a complete system of thought on sex, we will produce a new race of humans. Then, there won't be the production of such ugly, insipid, lame and feeble human beings. Sick, weak, dull men won't be seen any more on this earth.

It isn't at all necessary to continue producing the present kind of generation, a generation born out of sin and guilt. But we are not aware of this. We are in the habit of switching the light on and off, and have concluded we know everything about electricity. Even at the end of his lifetime, a man does not come to know what sex is. He knows only "on" and "off" -- and nothing more.

We never go deeply into the subject of sex, never reflect upon the practice of sex, never try to get to the bottom of it,

never meditate on it -- because of the delusion that we know everything there is to know about it. When everybody already knows everything, what need is there to consider the subject? And in the same breath, I wish to tell you that there is no deeper mystery, no deeper secret, no deeper subject than sex -- in this world and in life itself. We only learned about the atom recently, and the world has undergone a tremendous change. But when we succeed in knowing the atom of sex fully, mankind will enter a new era of wisdom. It is impossible to predict the enormity, the greatness of the heights we may reach when we fathom the process and technique of the creation of life. But one thing can be stated for certain: sex is the most mysterious, most profound, most precious and, at the same time, the most accursed subject; and we are in total darkness about it. We never pay any attention to this important phenomenon. A man goes through the routine of coitus throughout his life, but he does not know what it is.

When, on the first day, I talked about the void, about egolessness, about no-mind, many friends were not convinced. Afterwards, one friend said to me, "I never thought about it before, but what you say has happened." A certain lady came and told me, "I have never experienced this at all. When you talked about it, I recalled that my mind becomes still and contented, but I have never felt egolessness or any other deep experience." It is possible many have not thought about this before, so let us elaborate on a few points.

In the first place, man is not born with foreknowledge of the science of sex. Rare are those persons who, retaining the impressions of many past lives, are able to understand

fully the art of sex, the strategy of sex or the knowledge of the intricacies of sex. These are souls who can attain to the stage of real celibacy. To a person who knows the complete reality of sex, the full implications of sex, sex becomes useless. He simply passes through it; he transcends it. But it is not in our tradition to discuss sex with those who have already attained transcendence. Besides, those who have attained to the purity of celibacy can tell of their previous births and lives only after enormous effort.

Only a perfect celibate can reveal the perfect truth about sex and divinity. The sensualists do not comprehend any of the subtleties and, because of their ignorance, their lives are engulfed in sexuality until the end. Animals have a schedule for intercourse as I told you earlier; they have a season. Animals wait for the mood, for the disposition, but man has no definite time for it. Why is this? It is because the animal exists at a deeper layer of sex than man.

Those who have researched sex, who have gone deeply into it, who have meditated upon life's manifold experiences, have deduced that if coitus only lasts for one minute a man will desire it again on the next day, but if it can be prolonged for three minutes he will not think of sex for a week to come. Furthermore, they have observed that if coitus can be prolonged for seven minutes, a man will be so free of sex that no thought of passion will arise in him for the next three months. And if the period of coitus can be extended to three hours, a man will be free of sex forever; he will never desire it again!

But man's experience is generally of a moment's duration; it is difficult even to imagine a period of three hours.

However, I reiterate: if a person can remain in the coital

position, can remain in that samadhi, in that submergence for three hours, then one single act of intercourse is enough to free him from sex for the rest of his life. It leaves behind such an experience of contentment, such an experience of bliss, that it lasts a lifetime. After perfect coitus there remains no barrier to the attainment of real celibacy.

Even after a lifetime of sexual experience we never reach anywhere near that supreme stage, near that divinity. Why? A man reaches a ripe old age, comes to the end of his life, but he is never free from his lust for sex, from his passion for intercourse. Why? It is because he has never understood nor been told about the art of sex, about the science of sex. He has never considered it; he has never discussed it with the enlightened ones.

You may be skeptical that an experience that is usually of a moment's duration can be prolonged for three hours, so I will give you certain pointers. If you heed them, the journey to celibacy will become simpler.

The faster one's breathing is, the shorter the duration of intercourse; the calmer and slower one's breathing is, the more it is prolonged. And the longer intercourse lasts, the more possibility there is of making sex a door to samadhi, a channel to superconsciousness. As I said earlier, the realization of egolessness, of timelessness, dawns upon man in that sex-samadhi. The breathing should be very slow. Slowness of breath will open deeper and deeper vistas of realization.

Another thing to remember during the act of intercourse is that your awareness should be focused between the eyes, in the seat of the agnichakra. If the attention is focused there, the duration of the climax can be drawn out -- even up to

three hours. And such an act of coitus can firmly root a person in the soil of celibacy -- not only for this life but for the next life also. A lady writes to say that Vinoba is celibate, and asks if I therefore don't agree that he has probably never had an experience of samadhi. She continues to say that since I am also a celibate and unmarried, that I may not have had the experience of samadhi either. If that lady is present here I wish to tell her that neither Vinoba, nor me, nor anybody else for that matter, can realize the stage and the significance of celibacy without the real experience of sex. I also want to tell her that the experience may be of this life, or it may be of a past life. One who attains to celibacy in this life owes it to a deep coital union in a previous life and not to anything else. This is the only explanation. If a man has had a profound experience of sex in a previous life, he will be born free of sex in this life; sex will not disturb him, even in his imagination. On the contrary, he will be surprised at how other people behave about sex; he will be amazed that people are so mad for sex. Such a man will even have to exert himself to distinguish between a man and a woman. If a person imagines he can simply be a celibate from his childhood, that he can be a celibate without any experience of sex, he will become a neurotic. Those who are always harping on celibacy, who shout about observing celibacy, are causing the disintegration of man. Nothing more than disintegration can come from this. Celibacy cannot be imposed; celibacy evolves only as the cream of inner experience. Brahmacharya, celibacy, is the result of a serene and profound experience -- and that experience is of sex. If during sex one has had an absolute revelation, even

once, he is released from sex for the unending journey of lives.

So far, I have discussed two factors for attaining that absolute experience: one's breathing should be shallow, so shallow that it is almost not there at all, and one's awareness should be focused on the agnichakra, on the midpoint between the eyes. The more one's awareness is focused on this center, the more profound the intercourse will automatically be. And the duration of coitus will be in direct proportion to the slowness of the breathing. And then, for the first time, you will realize that the attraction is not for intercourse as such; the magnetic pull is that of samadhi. If you can scale those heights, if you can glimpse that brilliance, it will illuminate your future path.

For a long time a man has been lying in a dingy, dirty room, full of bad smells. The walls are cracked and stained. Then, he gets up and opens a window. Now he can see the bright sun in the sky; now he can see birds flying freely in the heavens. Now, a man who has suddenly come to know about the vast sky, about the sun and the moon, about the flying birds, the swaying trees and the fragrant flowers, will not stay in a dirty, foul, dark room a single moment longer -- he will rush out under the open sky.

One who has had a glimpse of samadhi in sex, however fleeting, will immediately know the difference between inside and outside, between freedom and imprisonment. But, in a way, we are all born into tight cells, closed in by walls, and they are dark and dirty. It is essential to realize the outside world exists; this knowledge ultimately inspires us to fly out. But a person who does not open the window and just sits in a corner saying he does not want to know

about the dirty house cannot change his situation one bit. He will remain in the dirty house forever.

A self-styled celibate is as much imprisoned in the cell of sex as anyone else. The only difference between him and you is that he has a closed attitude whereas your eyes are open. What you do physically, he does mentally. Moreover, the physical act is natural, but the vicarious imagination of it is a perversion. So I urge you not to be against sex but to try, sympathetically, to understand it. Give sex a sacred status in your life. We have already discussed two guidelines. The third important thing to remember is the attitude of your approach. At the time of coitus we are close to God. God exists in the act of creation that gives birth to a new life, and so one's attitude ought to be like that of a man going to a temple or to a church. At the time of orgasm we are closest to the Supreme. We become instruments: a new life is being conveyed into existence; we create a child. How? In intercourse we are closest to the Creator himself, and his shadow converts us into creators as well. If we approach sex with a pure mind and with a feeling of reverence, we can easily have a glimpse of him.

But alas, we approach sex indifferently. We approach sex with an attitude of condemnation, with a feeling of guilt, and we fail to feel the existence of the Creator. One should never approach sex while one is in anguish, in spite, in jealousy, in indignation; one should never approach sex filled with worries or in an unclean atmosphere. But the general practice is the contrary. The more one is full of anger, dejected, in torment or in despair, the more one moves into sex. A cheerful man does not chase after sex, but a sorrowful man moves into sex because he sees it as

the perfect escape from his unhappiness. But remember, if you approach sex with bitterness, with irritation, with condemnation or in sadness, you will never attain to that contentment, to that realization for which your entire soul thirsts.

I urge you to approach sex only when you are cheerful, only when you are full of love and, last but not least, only when you are prayerful. Only when you feel that your heart is full of joy, peace and gratitude, should you think of having intercourse. A man who approaches intercourse like this can attain sublimation, and the ultimate realization, even once, is enough to free one from sex forever. With one single experience, you can break through the barrier and enter the periphery of samadhi.

A child emerging from its mother's womb is in great distress; it is like a tree being uprooted from the soil. Its whole being yearns to rejoin with the earth; its attachment to the earth means its life, its vitality, its nourishment. It has been uprooted, and it clamors to go back, for now it has been severed from the life line. An infant is cut off from its world when it comes out of the mother's womb, and now its soul, its whole being wants to reunite with the mother, with the source. This longing is the thirst for love. What else do we mean by love?

Everyone wants to indulge in the give and take of love; everyone wants to reunite with the stream of life -- and that unity comes in the consummation of the sexual act, in intercourse, in the joining of a man and a woman. Sex is the re-experience of the original unity.

The coupling of a man and a woman has a very deep significance: the ego evaporates in this assimilation of two

human beings. A person who really understands the essence of this unity, of this longing for love and oneness, can also comprehend the meaning of yet another kind of unity -- a yogi unites; an ascetic unites; a saint unites; a meditator unites. A person is also united in intercourse: his identity merges with that of the other person, and they become one. In samadhi, a person unites with the whole universe and becomes one with it. In sex there is a merging of two persons, whereas in samadhi, a person loses his identity and becomes one with the universe. A meeting between two persons is temporary, but the union of a person with the universe is eternal.

Any two people are finite beings, and hence their union cannot be infinite, cannot be ever-lasting. And there is the rub; there is the limitation of matrimony, and of physical love: we cannot unite forever. We come together for a moment of ecstasy, but again we have to be separate. The separation is painful and so lovers are in a continuous state of despair. The other person seems to be the cause of this feeling of dejection, of this sense of aloneness, and irritation erupts in the relationship.

Knowledgeable people will say that two people have two basically different identities and that they can meet temporarily but cannot remain fused forever, even spiritually; that it is out of this unquenchable passion that a conflict arises between lovers and that one starts despising the other; that tension, strife, a feeling of alienation and even a feeling of hatred creeps in, and that it is because one imagines the other is probably unwilling and so the merger is not complete. But no individual can be blamed for this incompleteness. Human beings are finite beings and their

merging can only be finite as well. Their merging cannot be forever.

The eternal fusion can only be with God, with Brahma, with Existence. Those who have realized the subtlety of intercourse can imagine, if a moment's union with an individual can bestow such bliss, what the outcome of the meeting with the Eternal must be like. But the average man cannot even imagine that peak of ecstasy. It is stupendous, ethereal, beyond words. It is bliss eternal.

Suppose you are sitting in front of a candle, trying to imagine the difference between the light of the candle and the light of the sun. The attempt at comparison is hopeless. A candle is such a tiny thing and the sun is so immense, about sixty thousand times bigger than our earth. Although it is ninety-three million miles away it heats us, scorches us, so how can we possibly estimate the difference between the light of a candle and the light of the sun?

But, no matter what the astronomical figure may be, it is mathematically possible to calculate the difference, because both are within the range of human cognition; the difference can be ascertained. But it is impossible to assess the differential between the ecstasy of orgasm and the eternal bliss of samadhi. The sexual meeting of two temporal beings is frantic; in uniting with the Universal one loses oneself like a drop in the ocean. There is no way to compare them, no unit to measure the magnitude of this union.

Would one hanker after sex after touching this bliss? Would one even think of this fleeting pleasure after one has attained the eternal ocean? A glimpse of the eternal convinces man that sensual pleasure is meaningless, that by

contrast it is madness. Then, one's present passions soon become obnoxious; then, they seem like a drain, a waste of energy, a source of anguish. After this certainty dawns on a man, he is on his way to the desired goal, to celibacy itself. It is a long way from sex to samadhi. Samadhi is the ultimate goal; sex is only the first step. And I want to point out that those who refuse to recognize the first step, who censure the first step, cannot even reach the second step. They cannot progress at all. It is imperative to take the first step with consciousness, understanding and awareness. But be warned: sex is not an end in itself; sex is the beginning. To progress, more and more steps are required.

But mankind's biggest drawback has been its disinclination even to take the first step. And it aspires to reach the last! A man despises the first rung and yet is ambitious to grasp the top rung of the ladder; he has no experience of the light of a candle and yet he wants to claim the splendor of the sun! This is impossible. We have to learn to comprehend the dim light of a candle, which lives for a while and is immediately quelled by a gentle breeze, in order to grasp the meaning of the sun. To arouse the craving, the desire, the restlessness for the last step, the urge to reach the sun, the first step must be initiated correctly.

A proper appreciation for light music can pave the way for the eternal music; the experience of a dim candle can lead us to the infinite light; knowing a drop is a prelude to knowing the ocean.

Knowledge of the atom can reveal the mystery of all the material forces, of the forces of matter, and yet nature has endowed us with a small atom of sex, but we do not recognize it at all. We do not even acknowledge it fully.

This is because we neither have the clarity of mind nor the sense of mystery to recognize it, to understand it or to experience it. And so we are tremendously far from understanding that process that can lead us from sex to samadhi. As soon as man understands and reveres this process of transcendence, he will usher in a new and higher order of society.

Man and woman are two different poles, the positive and the negative poles of energy. A right meeting of those two poles completes a circuit and produces a kind of electricity. And direct knowledge of this electricity is possible if the period of coitus, when you are in deep and full surrender to each other, can be stayed for a longer time. If it can be prolonged for an hour, a high charge producing a halo of electricity will evolve by itself; if the body currents are in full and total embrace, one can even see a patch of light in the darkness. A couple experiencing this electrical current of energy is drinking life's fullest cup.

But we are unaware of this phenomenon. We find such talk very strange because we don't believe in what we haven't experienced, because this is outside the realm of ordinary experience. But I say, if you haven't encountered this experience, you should think about it and try again. You should review your life, especially the chapter on sex, from ABC. Sex should not only be an instrument of pleasure, it should also be a means of spiritual elevation. Sex is a logical process. I do not think the birth of Christ or of Mahavir or of Buddha was accidental; each birth was the fruit of the fullest union of two people. The deeper the union, the better the offspring; the shallower the meeting, the worse the offspring. But today, the caliber of mankind

is sinking lower and lower. Some people blame it on the deterioration of moral standards, while others attribute it to the effects of Kaliyuga, the predestined era of chaos, but all these assumptions are false and worthless.

The deterioration in man is only due to the crassness of our attitude to sex, in theory as well as in practice. Sex has lost its original sacredness. The original sense of reverence man had for sex has been tarnished. Sex has degenerated into a mechanical nightmare. And this attitude to sex betrays a subtle violence, in the strict sense of the term. Sex is no longer an experience of love. Sex is no longer a vehicle to sacredness. Sex is no longer a meditative act. And because of this, mankind is falling steadily into an abyss.

The result of anything we do depends on the mental attitude with which we do it. If a drunken sculptor is making a statue, do you expect him to create a beautiful work of art? If a ballerina is dancing, do you expect a scintillating performance from her if she is disturbed, angry or filled with sorrow? Similarly, our approach to sex has been wrong.

Sex is the most neglected affair in our lives. Isn't it a tremendous mistake that the phenomenon on which the procreation of life depends, on which new children depend, on which new souls entering this world depend, is the most neglected? You are probably not aware that the climax in coitus creates a situation into which a soul descends, and a new life is thereby conceived. You only create the circumstance; when the necessary and appropriate condition for a particular soul is fulfilled, that soul is born. The quality of the soul has a direct bearing on the

circumstances. The infant conceived in anger, guilt or anxiety is afflicted from birth.

The standard of our progeny can be improved, but to conceive a higher soul the circumstances must also be of a higher quality. Only then can superior souls be born; only then can the standard of humanity be ultimately raised. That is why I say that when man has become acquainted with the science of sex, with the art of sex, when he is able to impart this knowledge to young and old alike, we will be able to provide the circumstances that will give birth to what Aurobindo and Nietzsche have called Superman. Such a posterity can be sired! Such a world can be created! But before then, there can be no progress; before then, there can be no peace in the world; before then, wars cannot be prevented, hatred cannot be abolished, immorality cannot be cured, evil cannot be eradicated, debauchery cannot be uprooted and the present darkness cannot be wiped away. Even if we press all the modern conveniences and innovations into service; even if politicians, sociologists and religious leaders do their utmost, wars will not cease, tensions will not ease, and violence and jealousy will not disappear. For the last ten thousand years, the apostles, the messiahs and the leaders have preached against war, against violence, against anger and so forth -- but nobody has listened. On the contrary, we murdered a man who preached the gospel of love, who tried to teach us not to be violent, who showed us a spiritual path. Gandhi taught us to practice non-violence, to refine our souls, to live in harmony together, and we rewarded him with bullets. That is how we expressed our gratitude for his noble services.

All of humanity's apostles, both past and present, have been unsuccessful. They have failed. None of the ideals and values envisioned and promoted by them have borne fruit. None of them has been able to offer a practical panacea; all of their high-sounding ideals have failed. Greater than the greatest, more golden than the most golden -- all have fallen short. They have come, they have preached, and they have passed away. And man is still groping in the dark, still sinking deeper into a kind of hell on earth. Does this not prove there has been some basic misconception in their teachings and in what they have preached?

A man is frustrated because he is conceived in frustration. He carries the germ of frustration from the very beginning; his very soul is diseased. This disease, this cancer of misery and sorrow, is rooted in the depths of his soul. His entire being is formed the moment he is conceived, and so Buddhas will fail, Mahavirs will fail, Christs will fail, Krishnas will fail. They have all failed already.

We may not admit it openly, out of a sense of decency or politeness, but mankind is becoming more and more inhuman day by day. In spite of so much talk about non-violence, love and tolerance, we have only bettered ourselves by advancing to the cobalt bomb from the simple dagger. I am told that we killed about thirty million people during the first world war -- and after the armistice we talked about peace and love. In the second world war we killed seventy-five million people -- and afterward we began negotiating for peace and co-existence once again. From Bertrand Russell to Vinoba, everyone cries that peace should be maintained, and yet we are preparing for a third

great war. And in comparison, this war will make the previous ones seem like children at play.

Somebody once asked Einstein what might happen in a third world war. Einstein said he could foretell nothing about the third war, but that he could predict something about the fourth world war. Surprised, the questioner asked how, if Einstein could not say anything about the third world war, he could predict anything about the fourth. Einstein replied that one thing was certain about the fourth world war, and that was that there would be no fourth world war, because there was no possibility anyone would survive the third.

This is the fruit of humanity's moral and religious teachings, but the cause lies elsewhere and is urgently in need of revision. Unless and until we succeed in bringing harmony to the act of sex, in imparting a spiritual syntax to sex, in coming to revere sex as the gateway to samadhi, a better humanity cannot come into being. Unless this happens, it is a certainty that the humanity to come will be worse than the worst, because today's inferior children will go through sex and will produce children worse than themselves. The quality of each new generation will be worse and worse; this at least can be prophesied. But we have already reached such a low level that there is, most likely, no further to descend. The whole world has nearly become a huge asylum already.

From statistics they have compiled, American psychiatrists have deduced that only eighteen per cent of the population of New York City can be said to be mentally normal. If only eighteen per cent are mentally normal, then what is the condition of the remaining eighty-two percent? They are in

a state of virtual disintegration. And you yourself will be surprised to learn the amount of madness hidden inside you if you were just to sit quietly in a corner and reflect upon yourselves for a moment. How you control and suppress your madness is quite another matter however. A slight emotional setback and any man can become a full-fledged maniac.

It is quite probable that in a hundred years' time the entire world will become one enormous madhouse. Of course, on one hand, there will be many advantages: we won't need treatment for insanity; we won't need psychiatrists to treat neurotics. Nobody will feel he is mad, because the first symptom of a madman is that he will never admit he is mad. This sickness is ever on the increase. This ailment, this mental anguish, this mental darkness, is ever on the rise. A new humanity can never be produced unless sex is sublimated, unless the sexual act becomes divine.

I have stressed a certain idea in the last three days: a new man must be born! The soul of man is anxious to scale the heights, to reach the sky, to be enlightened like the moon and stars, to bloom like a flower, to make music, to dance. The soul of man is in anguish; his soul is thirsty. But man is blind. He travels around and around in a vicious circle: he is unable to break out of it; he is unable to rise above it. What is the cause? There is one cause, and one cause only: his present process of procreation is absurd; it is full of madness. And it is so because we haven't been able to make sex a door to samadhi. One enlightened sexual act can open the gate to samadhi.

For these three days I have elaborated on a few principles only. I would now like to recapitulate one point and then conclude today's talk.

I want to say that those who lead us away from the truths of life are the enemies of mankind. Those who tell you never to think about sex are your enemies; they have not allowed you to think about it, to reflect on it. Otherwise, how is it possible that we have not yet developed a rational attitude towards the subject?

Furthermore, the people who say that sex has no relation to religion are entirely incorrect, because it is the energy of sex, in a transformed and sublimated form, that enters the realm of religion. The sublimation of this vital energy lifts man to realms about which we know very little. The transformation of his sex energy raises man to a world where there is no death, no sorrow, to a world where there is nothing but joy, pure joy. And anyone who possesses that energy, that life-force, can uplift himself to that realm of joyous, truthful consciousness, to satchitanand.

But we have been wasting this energy. We are like buckets with holes in the bottom, and we are using these buckets to draw water from the well. But all the water drains out in the process and what we end up with is an empty bucket. We are like boats with holes in the bottom: we row only to sink. Such a boat can never reach the other shore; it is destined to sink in midstream. All this leaking is due to the wrong diversion of the flow of sex energy.

Those who show nude photos, write obscene books and produce sexy films are not responsible for these leakages of energy. The responsibility for these kinds of perversions lies with those who have put barriers in the way of our

understanding of sex. It is because of these people that naked pictures are in demand, that pornographic books are on sale, that nude films are made, and we see the sordid and absurd results every day. The ones who are responsible are those we call saintly and ascetic. But if you look deeply into it, you will see that they are the real advertising agents for obscenity.

A tiny tale, and I will finish today's talk.

A certain priest was going to conduct a service in the church of a nearby village. He was almost running in order to get there on time. Crossing a field on his way, he saw a wounded man sprawled in a nearby ditch. A knife protruded from the man's chest and he was bleeding. The priest considered lifting him up and attending to him, but on second thought, he felt it might delay his arrival at the church. He had chosen "Love" as the subject of his sermon; he had decided to elaborate on Christ's famous maxim, "Love is God." He had been mentally preparing his comments as he hurried on his way.

But the wounded man opened his eyes and shouted, "Father, I know that you are going to the church to deliver a sermon on the subject of love. I was to attend the church too, but bandits have stabbed me and thrown me here. Listen, if I survive I will tell people that a man was dying by the roadside and that, instead of saving him, you ran away to deliver a sermon on love. I warn you, don't ignore me."

This frightened the priest a bit. He realized that if this man were to survive and relate the incident, the people of the village would say that his sermons were all humbug. The priest was not worried about the dying man, but about

public opinion, so he approached the man unwillingly. As he came nearer he saw the man's face more clearly: it seemed somewhat familiar. He said, "My son, it appears I have seen you somewhere before."

The injured man said, "You must have. I am Satan, and I have very old relations with priests and religious leaders. If I am not familiar to you, then who else would be?"

The priest then remembered him clearly; he had seen a picture of him in the church. He drew back. He said, "I cannot save you. It is better you die. You are Satan. We are always wishing you dead and it is good you are dying. Why should I try to save you? It is a sin even to touch you. I am going on my way."

Satan laughed loudly and said, "Listen, the day I die you will be out of business; you cannot exist without me. You are who you are because I am alive; I am the basis of your profession. You had better save me, because if I die all the priests and ministers will be out of work. They will become extinct; there won't be any need for them any more."

The priest thought this over for a second and saw the truth in it. Immediately, he lifted the dying man onto his shoulders and said, "My dear Satan, do not worry. I am taking you to the hospital for treatment. Please get well quickly. Do not die, for God's sake, you are right; if you die, we will be out of work."

Perhaps you cannot conceive that Satan is at the root of the priest and that the priest is behind the work of Satan, but Satan is very busy in the exploitation of sex and the exploitation of sex is at the root of everything. Through the fog, we cannot see that the priests are behind all this commotion, that sex has become more and more attractive

because of its degradation by the priests, that man has become more and more lustful because of the continuous slandering of sex by the priests. The more the priests strive to annihilate one's thoughts about sex, the more mysterious it becomes, the more curiosity it arouses.

Man is helpless; man is a slave to sex, and this helplessness is to be despised. We want knowledge, not ignorance. Knowledge on its own is power, and the knowledge of sex is an even greater power. It is dangerous to continue to live in ignorance about sex.

It is possible we may not reach the moon. There is no real need to reach the moon. Mankind may not profit much if we reach the moon, nor is the world going to come to an end if we cannot reach a depth of five miles in the Pacific Ocean, where the sun's rays cannot penetrate. Achieving these things is not going to benefit mankind much. It also isn't terribly important whether we split the atom or not. But in order to succeed in producing a new man, it is a question of ultimate concern and a matter of dire necessity that we accept sex, that we come to know sex fully, that we understand it and that we transcend it.

I have explained a few things to you during the last three days, and tomorrow I will endeavor to answer your questions. Your questions should be put forth honestly; the attitude with which you have been asking about the soul and God will not do. This is a question of living, of life, and only if your inquiries are direct and honest can we delve deeply into the subject. The truth is always ready to be discovered; we require only a true, honest and conscientious curiosity to come to know it. But, unfortunately, that we lack.

From Sex to Superconsciousness

Chapter #5

Chapter title: From lust to the lord
1 October 1968 pm in Gowalior Tank Maidan

Friends have asked many questions. One friend has asked why I selected sex as the subject of my discourses. Let me illustrate. There was a public meeting arranged in a big Bombay market and a pundit was speaking on Kabir and his philosophy. He recited the couplet: kabira khada bazarmen liye lukathi hath; jo ghar barai aapna chale hamare saath. "Kabir is standing in the middle of the market," he said. "He is waving his stick and shouting to people, calling all and sundry: `Only those who have the courage to burn their houses should follow me.'"
I observed that people were pleased with the call, and I surmised that people who felt at ease listening to such a deep and drastic message from Kabir must really have the courage to burn their houses and set out in search of truth. With such people I thought I could speak frankly, from the bottom of my heart. But, in fact, not one of them was ready to abandon or burn his house. The point is, if Kabir had been there he wouldn't have been happy with the situation at all. All of us here relish hearing what Kabir said, but none of the people present when Kabir said it over three hundred years ago felt happy about it. I was laboring under the same illusion as Kabir, as Christ. Man is such a wonderful animal -- he enjoys listening to talk about those who are dead, and threatens to kill those who are living.

I was supposed to say something about truth. But in order to talk about truth, it is necessary to undermine those untruths which man has accepted as truths. Many a principle we accept as truth is, in reality, untrue. Unless these untruths are exposed, the first step in the direction of truth cannot be taken.

I was told to speak on "Love." But I felt that as long as we were hampered by certain incorrect suppositions about sex and lust, we would never be able to understand or appreciate love. As long as such misleading beliefs are deep-rooted, whatever we say about love will be incomplete, will be wasted, will be untrue. So, to focus on that, I talked about lust and sex in that particular meeting. I said that the sex energy itself could be transformed into love.

If a man buys manure, dirty and foul-smelling in itself, and piles it up on the street in front of his house, it will make things difficult for anyone passing by. But if he spreads the manure on his garden then his seeds will grow. The seeds will become plants and the plants will give flowers and their fragrance will be an invitation to all. Passers-by will be enchanted. You have probably never thought about it, but the fragrance of a flower is nothing but the foul smell of manure -- rising upwards from the seed through the plant, the stench of manure becomes the scent of the flower. A bad smell can be transformed into a sweet perfume.

In the same way, sex can become love. But how can one who hates sex ever become filled with love? How can one transform sex when one is its enemy? And so, I stressed the necessity of understanding lust, of knowing sex. The other day, I pointed out that sex had to be transformed.

I thought that those who had been able to ponder the question of burning their houses would be happy to hear some plain talk. But I was sadly mistaken.

When I ended my talk that day, I was surprised to see that all the officials who had been on the platform, the friends who had organized the meeting, had vanished into thin air. I did not see one of them when I walked down the aisle to leave. I thought they had probably rushed home in case their houses caught fire -- but, more probably, they had raced home to put out their own fires.

Not even the main organizer was present to thank me. Whatsoever white caps there were, whatsoever khadi-clad people there were, were not on the dais; they had already fled long before the completion of the talk. Leaders are a very weak species indeed. And swift too. They run away before their followers do.

But some courageous people did approach me -- some spirited men and women: some old, some young. They all said I had told them things no one had ever said before. They said their eyes had been opened, that they felt much lighter inside. There was the look of gratitude in their eyes, in their tears of joy. I was asked by them to complete the series of talks. Those honest people were ready to understand life; they asked if I would elaborate on the subject, and this was one of the reasons for my return to Bombay.

A big crowd had assembled, even as I came out of the Bhavan, and people congratulated me on what I had said. Then, even though the leaders had fled, I felt that the public was with me. And there and then I decided to expound fully on the topic. That is why I selected this subject.

Another reason was that those who had run away from the dais had begun to tell people everywhere that I had said such blasphemous things that religion was sure to be destroyed, that I had said things that would make people irreligious! And so, to reply to them I felt I must elaborate on my point of view. I felt they should realize that people are not going to become irreligious by hearing talks on sex, but that, on the contrary, people are irreligious because they haven't understood sex up to now.

Ignorance can make you irreligious; knowledge will never make you irreligious. And, I say, if knowledge can cause irreligiousness, I still prefer knowledge. But, of course, that is not the case. Knowledge is religion, and ignorance is irreligion. And besides, a religion that thrives on lack of knowledge is not religion at all -- it is irreligion -- and the sooner we are free of it, the better. The light that lacks light is not light; it is darkness under the guise of light. No, light always invites light; knowledge always welcomes knowledge. And remember, religion is nothing but another name for the search for sublime knowledge, for that realization of the perfect light. Ignorance, darkness, is always harmful.

If mankind becomes more debased, if a total perversion occurs, if mankind goes completely neurotic because of its ignorance of sex, the blame will be not with those who reflect and meditate on the subject of sex, but at the door of the so-called preachers of morals and religion. They have tried to keep man encased in ignorance for thousands of years. But for these oppressive leaders, mankind would have been freed from sexuality long ago. Sex is normal, but the invention of sexuality can be traced to these gurus. This

handicap can never be overcome so long as ignorance about sex exists.

I am not in favor of ignorance at any level of life. I am always ready to welcome the truth at any cost, at any danger. I felt that if one stray ray of truth could spread so much agitation among people then it was fitting to discuss the full spectrum, so as to clear up the question of whether knowledge of sex makes man religious or irreligious. This is the background; this is why I have selected this subject. Without this, it would not have occurred to me to choose this subject; without this, I would not have talked on this topic at all. And so, those who created this opportunity and led me, indirectly, to select this subject for these lectures deserve some thanks. Therefore, if you have a mind to thank me for choosing this topic, please do not do so; instead, congratulate those who are propagating misleading things about me. They have forced me to pick this subject.

Now, to come to the topic itself.

One friend has asked, "If the transformation of sex is into love, do you then mean that the love of a mother for her child is also because of sex?" Others have also asked similar questions.

It will be helpful to understand this. If you listened attentively, you will remember my telling you that there is a profound depth in the experience of sex, a depth to which a person does not normally reach. There are three levels of sex and I wish to speak about them now.

The first level of sex is the gross level. For example, a man goes to a prostitute. The experience he gets there cannot be any deeper than physical. A prostitute can sell her body but

cannot sell her heart, and, of course, there is no way to sell the soul.

On this level, bodies meet -- as in rape. In rape there is no meeting of hearts or souls; rape happens on the physical level only. There is no way to rape a soul; the experience of rape is purely physical.

The primary experience of sex is on the physiological level, but those who halt there never attain the fullest experience of sex. They can never know the depths about which I have been speaking. These days, most people have stopped at the physical level.

In this connection, it is important to know that in countries where marriages take place without love, sex stagnates at the physical level. It can never progress beyond that. These marriages can be of two bodies but never of two souls. Love can only exist between two souls. Marriage can have a deeper meaning if it happens for love, but the marriages that take place because of the calculations of pundits and astrologers, or out of considerations of caste or creed or money, can never go deeper than the physical layer.

There is one advantage to this system, in the sense that the body is more stable than the mind, and so in a society in which the body is the basis of marriage, marriages will be more stable. They will last longer because the body is not unstable, because the body is an almost constant factor and change creeps very, very slowly, almost imperceptibly into it. The body is in a state of constancy, and those societies which thought it necessary to stabilize the institution of marriage, to remain with monogamy, to leave no possibility for change, had to do away with love; they had to weed out love. Because the heart is the seat of love and the heart is

unstable, divorce is inevitable in those societies where marriages are based on love. There can never be stable marriages in those societies because love is fluid. The heart is mercurial; the body is constant, stable.

If there is a stone in your yard it will be in the same place in the evening as it was in the morning, but a flower blooms in the morning and by evening it droops, falls to the ground. The stone is an inanimate object: whatever it was in the morning it will also be in the evening. A marriage made on the physical level will bring stability, but it will be not unlike that of a stone. This kind of marriage is in the interests of society, but is detrimental to the individual.

In such marriages, the sex between husband and wife does not touch the deeper realms; it merely becomes a mechanical routine. The act is simply repeated often and becomes stale; nothing more happens, and the participants become increasingly dull. There is very little difference between going to a prostitute and being in a marriage without love. You buy a prostitute for a night, whereas you purchase a wife for your whole life; this is the only difference. When there is no love a purchase is being made -- whether you are hiring a woman for a night or making arrangements for a lifetime. Of course, because of the day-to-day association a kind of relationship comes into being -- and we call it love. This is not love; love is something else altogether. These marriages are simply of the body, and so the relationship can never go any deeper than the physical. None of the manuals and scriptures that have been written about love, from Vatsyayana to Koka Pundit, go deeper than the physical level.

Another level is psychological -- of the mind, of the heart. The marriages of couples who fall in love and then get married go a little further, a little deeper than marriages on the physical level. They reach the heart; they reach the psychological depth, but because of monotony they revert to the physical level every day. The institution of marriage that has developed in the West over the last two hundred years is on this level. And because of this, their societies are disjointed and debauched.

The reason for this is that you cannot rely on the mind. Today the mind desires one thing; tomorrow it will ask for something else. It wants one thing in the morning and something else in the evening. What it feels now will be totally different from what it felt only moments ago.

You may have heard that Lord Byron, before he finally got married, had been intimate with at least sixty to seventy women. But even as he was coming out of the church after his wedding, arm-in-arm with his new bride, he saw a beautiful woman passing by. He was transfixed by her beauty, and for a moment he forgot his new wife, his recent wedding. But he must have been a very honest man, because, as he got into the carriage with his bride, he said to her, "Did you notice? A strange thing happened just now. Yesterday, before we were married, I was worried as to whether I would really be able to catch you or not -- you were the only woman on my mind -- but now, when I actually am married to you, I just saw a pretty woman on the side of the road as we came down the church steps, and I forgot you for a moment: my mind started racing after that woman; it crossed my mind, `I wonder if I could have that woman?'"

The mind is very changeable, and so societies that wanted to stabilize family life did not allow marriages to reach the psychological plane, they endeavored to halt marriage at the physical level. They said, "Marry, but not out of love. If you grow into love after marriage, fine; otherwise, be things as they may."

Stability is possible on the physical level but on the psychological plane it is very difficult. The sexual experience is deeper and more subtle on the mental plane, and therefore the experience in the West has been more profound than in the East. The West's psychologists, from Freud to Jung, have written about this second stage of sex, about the psychological level. But the sex about which I am speaking is of the third level, which up to now, has neither been understood in the East nor in the West. That third level of sex is the spiritual level.

Because the body is inert there is a kind of stability on the physical level. There is also a kind of stability on the spiritual level, because there is no change on that level either: everything is calm there; there, it is eternal. In between these two stages the psychological level exists. It is unsteady, like the memory.

The experience of the West is on this level, and so marriages break up and families disintegrate. A marriage born out of a meeting of minds cannot produce a stable family situation, and now the trend in the West is towards divorce. Divorces now occur about every two years, but this could also become every two hours! One's mind can even change in an hour's time! Society in the West is disjointed. In comparison, Eastern society has been stable,

but the East has not been able to fathom the subtle and sublime depths of sex either.

A man and a woman who can meet on the spiritual level, who can unite spiritually -- even once -- feel they have united for endless lives to come. There is a deep fluidity; timelessness and pure ecstasy are the wedding dowry.

The sex I am talking about is spiritual sex, the divine experience. I desire a spiritual orientation of sex.

And if you comprehend what I am saying, you will realize that the mother's love for her son is also a part of spiritual sex. You will say that this is a preposterous statement. You will ask what possible sexual relation there can be between a mother and her son? To understand this fully, we have to examine many other aspects of sex and its interaction in the relations among husband, wife and child.

As I told you, a man and a woman only meet for a time. Their souls also meet but only for a moment, whereas the child remains in the mother's womb for nine months. During this period its existence is one with that of the mother. The husband also meets the wife at this level -- where there is only existence, where there is only beingness -- but it is just for a moment and then they separate. Husbands and wives meet for a moment and then jump apart, and so the intimacy that a mother has with her child is not possible with her husband; it cannot be.

The child in the womb breathes the mother's breath; his heart throbs through the mother's heart. The child is one with the blood and the life of the mother: he has no individual existence yet; he is still part of the mother. No man can fulfill a woman as much as a son can; no husband can ever give his wife the deep feeling of intimacy a son

can give her. As well, a woman's full growth is incomplete unless she becomes a mother. Unless she attains to motherhood, the full radiance of a woman's personality, the utmost flowering of her beauty is not possible. A woman can never be fully contented unless she has become a mother, unless she has known the deep, spiritual relationship that exists between mother and child.

And along with this, please bear in mind that as soon as a woman becomes a mother her interest in sex automatically wanes. She has had a deep drink of motherhood; for nine months she has co-existed with a throbbing new life, and now she has little attraction to sex. At times the husband is bewildered by her apathy, because his becoming a father does not change his attitude to sex in any way; he has no deep relationship with the process of childbirth. With the new life that has been born, the father has no sense of spiritual oneness. Becoming a mother brings about a basic change in a woman, but fatherhood is simply a social institution. A child can grow up without a father, but it has a deep-rooted relationship with the mother.

A new kind of spiritual well-being fills a woman after the birth of a child. If you look at a woman who has become a mother and at one who hasn't, you will feel the difference in their personalities, in the sense of the ease they project. In a mother you will find a glow, a calmness -- the kind of calmness you see in a river that has reached the plains -- but in one who hasn't yet become a mother you will sense a sort of bubbling fluidity like that of a stream still flowing through the mountains -- rumbling, roaring, overflowing its banks, rushing towards the plains. A woman becomes quiet, calm and serene inside after she becomes a mother.

In this connection I also wish to state that women who are afflicted with a passion for sex, as is common in the West today, are women who do not want to become mothers. After motherhood, a woman's attraction for sex suddenly diminishes, and a Western woman who refuses to become a mother is doing so because she knows that as soon as she becomes a mother she will lose her interest in sex. She supports her indulgence in sex by not becoming a mother. The governments of many Western countries are concerned about this. If this continues, what will happen to their populations? The East worries about the increase in numbers, but some countries in the West fear the decrease in numbers. Nothing could be done if women decide not to become mothers because they know they will lose interest in sex. A family planning program might be implemented by law, but no law can force a woman to become a mother. This problem of the Western countries is more intricate than our problem of population explosion. We can halt the increase by force, or legally. But the Western countries cannot increase their numbers by legislation. In the next two hundred years this problem will grow to gigantic proportions in the West, and the population in Eastern countries, increasing by leaps and bounds, could lead to these countries dominating the whole world.
Simultaneously, with the passage of time, Western manpower will decrease. They will have to make women agree to become mothers again.
Some of their psychologists have begun to come out in favor of child marriages. A woman entering maturity is not going to be interested in becoming a mother -- she will be more interested in sexual pleasure -- so their psychologists

are advising people to marry young. Then, in those cases, the women won't get any other ideas before they become mothers. This was also one of the reasons behind child marriages in the East; they knew a girl wouldn't want to marry and become a mother when she became an adolescent, when she became conscious of sex, when she had developed a taste for it. This mentality, this immense attraction for sex, exists in women until they know what they will attain by becoming mothers. But this they can realize only after attaining motherhood. There is no way to have an inkling of it before actually becoming a mother.
Why is a woman so gratified after she has become a mother? It is because she has had a divine, unbroken experience of spiritual sex with her child. And it is only because of this that there is such an intense intimacy between mother and child. A woman will lay down her life for her child, but cannot imagine taking the life of her own child. A wife can kill her husband -- it happens often -- and even if she does not actually do it, she can create circumstances at home that amount to the same thing. But with respect to her child, she can never even think of such a thing. It is because the relationship with her child is so very deep, so very intimate.
But in the same breath, I want to say that when a woman develops a deep relationship with her husband, the husband also becomes a child to her. Then he is not her husband any more.
There are many men and women sitting here at this gathering. I wish to ask the men present here if they don't behave exactly as little children do with their mothers when they are in a mood of total love towards their wives. Do

you know why a man's hand is unconsciously drawn towards the breast of a woman? It is the hand of a small child reaching for the breast of his mother. As soon as a man is overcome with love for a woman, his hand automatically reaches towards her breast. Why? What relation do the breasts have with love? Or with sex? Sex has no real relation to breasts at all, but a child has a deep association with the breasts of the mother. From infancy, he has been steeped in the awareness that his link is to the breast, the life-line. When a man overflows with deep love, he becomes a son!

And where does the woman's hand go? Her hand reaches for the man's head; her fingers start caressing his hair: this is the memory of her child; she is caressing the hair of her son. That is why, if love blooms fully on the spiritual level, the husband becomes the son; that is why the husband must become a son. Then one knows that one has reached the third layer of sex, the spiritual level. But we are completely ignorant of this relationship.

The relationship between husband and wife is the beginning of a journey and not the end. And remember, because it is a journey, the husband and the wife are always in a state of tension. A journey is always tiresome; peace is only to be found at the destination. A husband and wife are never calm because they are always on the move, always on the road -- and most people perish on the way, never reaching the goal. Because of this, there is always a state of conflict between husband and wife; there is a round-the-clock tussle. And this is what we call "love."

Unfortunately, neither the husband nor the wife understands the real cause of the tension, of the strife. They

each think they have made the wrong match. The husband thinks everything would have been better had he married another woman, and the wife thinks everything would probably have been fine if she had married another man. I want to tell you that this is the experience of all the couples in the world. If you were given the chance to change your spouse, the situation would not change one bit. It would be the same as changing shoulders while carrying a coffin to the cemetery: you would feel relief for a little while, but then you would notice that the weight had once again become the same. The experience in the West, where divorce is rampant, is that the new wife, in a very short time, proves to be just like the former -- and in a fortnight, the new husband also proves to be the same. The reason is not to be found on the surface, but deeper down. The reason has nothing to do with the individual, with the man or the woman; the reason is that marriage is a journey, a process. Marriage is neither the target nor the goal. The goal will only be reached when the woman becomes a mother and the man becomes a son.

One friend has asked something in relation to this question. He says he does not accept me as an authority on sex. He says I can be asked about God, but not about sex. He says that he and some of his friends have come here to hear about God and therefore I should only speak about God. Perhaps they are not aware that it is useless to inquire about God from someone they do not even consider an authority on sex. Would you ask about the golden peak from someone who knows nothing about the first base-camp? If what I have to say about sex is not acceptable to you, then you should not ask me about God either. If I am not

deemed fit to talk about the first step, then how am I competent to talk about the last?

The psychology behind this question is that kama and Rama, lust and the Lord, have, up to now, been considered each other's enemies. Up to now, it has been taken for granted that those in search of religion can have nothing to do with sex, and that those who delve into sex can have nothing in common with spirituality. Both are illusions. The journey to kama is also the journey to Rama. The journey to lust is also the journey to light. The tremendous attraction for sex is also the search for the sublime. Because man is completely wrapped up in sex, he never feels his journey is complete. Unless Rama is attained, unless sublimation is achieved, his search will never cease. And the quest of those who reproach kama and set out to reach Rama is not an authentic search for God; it is nothing but escapism in the name of Rama. They hide themselves behind Rama to escape from kama. This is because they are mortally afraid of sex, because their lives are in a constant state of agitation about sex. They seek refuge in repeating aloud the name of Rama, "Rama, Rama, Rama", so that they can forget about kama, about sex.

Whenever you observe a man chanting the name of Rama, look at him closely: behind the repetition of Rama will be the echo of kama; an awareness of sex is present there. If a woman comes into sight they will start saying their rosary -- "Rama, Rama, Rama," -- twirling their beads at great speed and chanting the name of Rama at the top of their lungs. The kama inside pushes at them from within, and these escapists try to ignore it, to drown it, to suppress it by chanting the name of Rama. If such a simple trick could

change one's life, the world would have changed for the better long ago. Religion is not that easy to attain.
It is imperative to know kama if you want to reach Rama, if you want to search for the Sublime. Why? Take the example of a man who wants to go to Calcutta from Bombay. First, he obtains information about Calcutta -- where it is, what direction it is in -- but if he does not even know where Bombay is, where it lies in relation to Calcutta, then how can he ever succeed in his mission? To reach Calcutta from Bombay, it is an absolute necessity to know where Bombay is first. If I am not aware where Bombay is, all my information about how to get to Calcutta from Bombay is worthless. After all, I have to start out from Bombay; my journey is to commence at Bombay. The starting point always comes first. The destination always comes afterward.
Where are you standing now?
You say you long to make the journey to Rama?
Good.
You say you desire to reach God?
Very good.
But where are you standing now?
Now you are stranded in lust; now you are stranded in sex -- and it is from this point, from where you are now, that you must take the first step forward. It is imperative you realize where you are now. By accepting this simple fact, by understanding this stark reality, you can also see the possibility for the future. To know what you can attain, it is important to know what you are.
To reach the final step, it is necessary to take the first -- because the first step is going to pave the way for the

second and, ultimately, for the last step of the journey. If your first step is taken in the wrong direction, you can never reach your intended destination; you may end up in the wilderness instead. And so, if you wish to reach the ultimate, it is more important for you to understand kama than to understand Rama. You cannot reach God without first understanding sex.

I am also informed by letter that Freud's opinions on sex may be worthy and acceptable, but asked how mine can be considered true and sincere.

How can you decide whether I am honest and sincere or not? In this connection, whatsoever I say, it won't be decisive because I myself am the subject under consideration. If I say I am honest it is meaningless. It is also meaningless if I say I am not honest, because the very subject under debate is whether the person making these statements is an honest man or not. So whatever I say in this context will be meaningless; it will be futile. I say, experiment with sex and find out for yourselves whether I am honest or not. You will come to know the truth of my statements when you attain to the experience for yourselves. There is no other way.

For example, if I were to talk to you about a certain swimming technique, you might doubt whether my method were feasible or not. My reply to that would be to ask you to come along to a place where you could wade into the river. If my advice were useful in helping you to swim across the river, then you would know that what I had said was neither worthless nor insincere.

As far as Freud is concerned, I wish to explain to this particular friend that it is quite probable Freud was not

aware of what I am telling you here. Freud was one of the few seers who guided mankind in the direction of sexual liberation, but he had no idea whatsoever that spiritual sex existed. The knowledge Freud systematized was that of sick sex; his research was with the pathological. Freud was a kind of doctor and his discoveries were used like treatments, doled out to sick people. Freud hadn't studied normal, healthy sex. He was a research scholar dealing in sickness, in perversion, and his mind was primarily set on treatment, on cure.

Therefore, if you are bent on confirming the truthfulness of what I say, you will have to turn to the philosophy of Tantra. Tantra made early attempts to spiritualize sex, and, although we banned thinking about Tantra thousands of years ago, the monuments of Khajuraho and the temples of Puri and Konarak are living testimonials. Have you ever been to Khajuraho? Have you seen the images there? If so, then you must have experienced two wonderful phenomena. First, even after seeing the images of the naked couples in intercourse, you will not feel any sense of vulgarity; you won't see anything ugly or bad in the images of naked, copulating men and women. And the second thing is that you will experience a sense of peace. A feeling of sacredness will envelop you. Your reaction will surprise you. The visionaries who created these statues were people who had seen and known spiritual sex intimately.

If you see a man in the grip of sex, if you look at his face and into his eyes, he will appear ugly, frightening, bestial; you will see a disturbing and ferocious lust there. When a woman sees a man approaching her, and he is full of lust, even if he is dear to her she will see an enemy in him and

not a friend. He will not even look human to her; he will be like a messenger from hell. But on the faces of those statues you will find the glorious shadow of Buddha, the sublime reflection of Mahavir. The composure and serenity on the faces of the statues is that of samadhi. A serene sacredness emanates from them. Nothing less than a wave of eternal peace will encompass you if you meditate on those statues. You will be awed.

If you fear that sexuality will overwhelm you after seeing the naked statues, I beseech you, go straight to Khajuraho without further delay. Khajuraho is a unique monument on this earth, yet moralists like the late Shree Purshottamdas Tandon and his colleagues were of the opinion that the walls of Khajuraho should be covered with a coat of terracotta because they believed the images made people sexual. I was astonished when I heard this! The builders of Khajuraho had an aim, and it was that if people would sit in front of the statues and meditate on them, they would be freed from lust. For thousands of years these images have been objects of meditation. It sets a wonderful example for us, that over-sexed people were asked to go to the temples of Khajuraho, to meditate on statues, to lose themselves in them.

Although we have often observed this same truth in ordinary human experience, we have not really been able to see it. For instance, if you are passing by and see two people quarreling on the road, you feel like stopping and watching the fight. Why? Have you ever thought about what you get out of seeing others fight? Leaving a pile of work aside, you will stop for half an hour to watch people fighting. You also go to boxing matches. Why? You

probably are not aware that they have a therapeutic effect. By watching two men fight, the deep-seated instinct to fight that exists inside you is satisfied. It dissipates; it is thrown out, and you become much calmer. If one sits and meditates with a peaceful mind upon images of intercourse, that inner maniac, man's mad sexuality, can evaporate.

A man went to a psychiatrist with a problem: he was very annoyed with his boss. If his boss said anything to him he immediately became angry and felt like taking off his shoe and hitting his boss with it.

But, how can you hit your boss? Is there a man who does not feel like hitting his boss at some point? Such an employee is rare.

In any case, the man went on suppressing the desire to hit his boss, but he began to develop a complex about it, and, afraid he might actually hit his boss someday, he started leaving his shoes at home. But he could not forget about the shoes. Whenever he saw his boss, his hands automatically went towards his feet. But fortunately the shoes had been left at home, and he felt a bit easier because he knew that one day, in a frenzy, he just might take off a shoe and throw it at his boss.

But he didn't free himself of the shoes just by leaving them at home; they continued to loom large on his conscience. If he were fiddling with a pen, he drew shoes on the paper; in idle moments, he sketched the shape of a shoe. The shoes filled his thoughts, and he was mortally afraid he would attack his boss sometime.

At home, he told his family it was better if he did not go to the office at all. Now, his mental condition was such that he did not need his own shoes: he might grab anyone's shoes

to hit his boss; his hands had even started moving towards the feet of his colleagues. At this point, his family decided it was high time he was taken to a psychiatrist. And so he went.

The psychiatrist said his sickness was nothing much to worry about, that it was curable. He advised him to hang a picture of his boss at home and to hit it with a shoe five times every morning. The photo was to be hit religiously, before he went to the office, and furthermore, he was not to miss a single day. The ritual was to be observed daily, just like morning prayers, and then, after returning from the office each day, the process was to be repeated.

The man's first reaction was, "What nonsense!" Although he was astonished at the idea, he felt quite happy about it. The photo was hung and, accordingly, he began the prescribed ritual.

On the very first day, when he went to the office after hitting the photo five times, he noticed a strange sensation: he did not feel as angry at his boss as he had. And, within a fortnight, he had become very polite to his employer. His boss also noticed the change in him, but of course he was unaware of what had been going on. He also told his employee that he had become very polite, very obedient and very nice indeed of late and wanted to know what had happened. The employee replied, "Please don't ask me about it or everything will be topsy-turvy again. I just can't tell you."

What is the truth behind this story? Can anything really be achieved just by hitting a photo? Yes -- by hitting the photo, the man's obsession to hit his boss with a shoe simply dissolved, faded away.

Temples like those of Khajuraho, Konarak and Puri should be in every nook and corner of this country. There is nothing important to be found in other temples; there is nothing scientific, no planning, no meaning in them. They are not needed at all. But the existence of the Khajuraho temples and others like them is full of meaning. Anyone whose mind is overly anxious about sex should go there and meditate. When he returns, he will be light of heart; he will be at peace.

The Tantrikas tried to transform sex into spirituality, but the preachers of morality in our country did not allow the message to reach the masses. These are the same people who wanted to put a stop to my talks.

On my return to Jabalpur, three days after my talk at the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan Auditorium here in Bombay, I received a letter from a friend telling me that if I continued these talks I would be shot. I wanted to reply to him, but the trigger-happy gentleman seems to be a coward: he neither signed his letter nor gave his address; he was probably afraid I would report the matter to the police. Nevertheless, if he is present here, he should accept my reply now. Even if he is here, I am sure he is either hiding behind a wall or a tree. If he is anywhere around I wish to tell him that I am not going to report the threat, but that he should give me his name and address so that I can at least send him a reply. But, if he doesn't even dare that much, I will give him my reply here. He ought to listen carefully. He is probably not aware of this, but in the first place he shouldn't be in a hurry to shoot me, because with the striking of the bullet, what I am saying will become eternal truth. Had Jesus not been crucified, the world would have

forgotten him long ago. In a way, the persecution was beneficial to Jesus. The author George Gouzette says that Jesus planned his own crucifixion. Jesus himself wanted to be crucified because, then, every word he had preached would become the living truth for ages to come and would be beneficial to millions of people.

This is quite possible. Judas, who sold Jesus for thirty coins, was one of his most beloved disciples. It is just not believable that one who had spent so many years with Jesus would sell him out for such a paltry sum unless Jesus himself suggested that he do it, unless Jesus himself suggested he change sides and arrange the persecution so that his words could become a fountain of eternal nectar, liberating billions.

There could have been three hundred million Jains in the world and not just three million, as is the case, if Mahavir had been crucified. But Mahavir passed away peacefully; he probably never thought about dying on a cross. No one tried to do it to him, nor did he himself try to arrange it. It was neither Buddha nor Mohammed nor Rama nor Krishna nor Mahavir, but Jesus who was nailed to the cross -- and today half the world is Christian. And the whole world may one day convert to Christianity. This is the brighter side to being crucified. Therefore, I say to my friend not to be in too much of a hurry to shoot me, otherwise he will repent his action for the rest of his days.

The second thing is that he should not worry too much about it, because I have no intention of dying in bed. When the proper time comes, I will do my best to see that someone or other shoots me. He shouldn't be hasty; I myself will arrange it. Life is useful but when one is

assassinated, death also becomes useful. A bullet-ridden death can often accomplish what life could not.
People have always repeated this same mistake -- those who gave poison to Socrates, those who murdered Mansoor, those who crucified Jesus. These were all childish acts, all self-abortive. And very recently as well, the man who fired the bullets into Gandhi was unaware that none of Gandhi's followers could have been as successful in prolonging Gandhi's memory to the extent that he did by his act of assassination. Gandhi folded his hands in a gesture of bowing when he had been shot and was dying. That bowing, that folding of hands, was very significant. It was expressive in the sense that Gandhi's last and best disciple had finally come: the man who would make Gandhi immortal. God had sent the needed man.
No one dies by being assassinated; it only helps make a man immortal. Life's plot is complicated; life's story is filled with suspense: things are not so simple as they seem. The man who dies in bed dies forever, whereas the man who dies from an assassin's bullets never dies.
As the poison was being prepared for Socrates, some of his friends asked how his body should be treated afterwards. "Should it be cremated or buried or what?" they asked. Socrates laughed and said, "Silly men! You don't know it, but you will never be able to bury me. I shall live even when all of you are no more. The trick is, I have chosen to die only to live forever!"
So, my friend, if he is here, should not act thoughtlessly, otherwise he will quickly find himself to be the loser. I won't be harmed; I am not one of those whom bullets can destroy. I am one of those who will survive bullets. He

shouldn't be in a rush to shoot me. He shouldn't be upset either, for I will do my best not to die in bed. That kind of death is unbecoming. That kind of death is a worthless death. And the third point for him to remember is not to be afraid to sign letters, not to be afraid to give his address. If I am convinced there is someone brave enough and ready enough to shoot me, I will keep the appointment without informing anyone, so that, later on, he will not be involved. But there is nothing so very strange about this man. He wrote with the conviction he was protecting religion. He wrote because he thought I wanted to destroy religion, and he wants to restore religion. His intentions were not malicious. His feelings were very sincere and, to him, very religious.

Such so-called religious people are toying with the emotions of the world. Their intentions may be very good but their intelligences are very poor. For ages, such self-righteous people and their kind have smothered the full flowering of truth, and because knowledge has been stifled in a similar way, ignorance is widespread. We are groping in the dark; we are lost in the dark night of ignorance. And in the midst of our darkness, these moral preachers have built tall pulpits from which they deliver sermons to us. But it is equally true, as well, that when the ray of truth starts dawning in our lives these so-called holy men will be out of work. When we are able to generate living relationships with God; when we come to know samadhi; when our mundane, ordinary lives begin to be transformed into divine lives, there won't be any work left for these moralists and preachers. The preacher only has the advantage until people begin to grope about in the dark.

A doctor is needed when people become sick, but doctors will be redundant if people stop falling ill. Like the preaching profession, the medical profession thrives on inner conflict, because a doctor's livelihood depends on people catching diseases. A doctor treats patients outwardly, but inwardly he hopes they get sick. And when there is an epidemic, he thanks God for the business.

I have heard a story:

One night a group of friends were having a big party. Drinking and eating, they enjoyed themselves until the early hours of the morning. When they began to take their leave, the owner of the hotel told his wife to thank God for sending them such a goodly number of customers. If such a rush continued they would become rich, he told his wife. The host, as he was paying the bill, asked the proprietor to pray for the prosperity of his business as well, so that they might come again.

The owner inquired, "By the way, what is your business, sir?"

"I am an undertaker," he said. "My business prospers most when people die."

Similarly, a doctor's profession may be to cure people, but the more people fall ill the more money he makes. Inwardly, he hopes his patient doesn't recover too quickly. And so it takes time for patients to be cured, especially rich ones. Poor patients get well faster because the doctor doesn't make much if the poor are ill for a long time. The profit is from rich customers, and so he goes slowly when curing the rich. Anyway, the rich are always unwell; they are the answer to a doctor's prayers.

The preacher is in the same class. The more people are immoral, the more anti-social elements there are, the more anarchy spreads, the higher his pulpit grows -- because then there is more need for him to exhort people to observe non-violence, to be truthful, to behave honestly, to observe this regulation, to stick to that rule, and so forth. If people were righteous, restrained, disciplined, peaceful, honest and holy, the profession of preacher would cease to exist.

And why are there so many preachers and so-called religious leaders in India -- more than anywhere else in the whole world? Why, in each and every village and in each and every house, is there a pundit, a guru, a swami or a priest? Why is there such a vast host of religious leaders in this country?

One should not assume we are a deeply religious people because we have so many saints and gurus. It is a fact that we are, today, one of the most irreligious and immoral countries in the world. That is why so many preachers find golden opportunities in our country. Preaching has become our national image. A friend of mine sent me an article from an American magazine. He wanted my opinion about a short-coming he had noticed in it. It was a humorous article, stating that the national character of any country can be ascertained by getting a man from that country drunk. If a Dutchman gets drunk, the article said, he will pounce on food and refuse to leave the dining table; no sooner does he take a drink than he is busy eating for two or three hours. If a Frenchman drinks, he becomes restless; he wants to sing and dance. If an Englishman gets very drunk, he will go sit in a corner and keep to himself. An Englishman is normally quiet and when he gets drunk he becomes all the more

subdued. Such are the typical reactions of the various nationalities, according to the article.

But, by mistake or out of ignorance, there was no mention of the Indian. My friend asked what I had to say about the Indian character; he asked me what would happen if an Indian drank excessively. I wrote him that the answer was already world famous: when an Indian gets drunk he immediately starts preaching. This is our national character. This unending queue of preachers, ascetics, monks and gurus is a sign of a widespread disease; it is an indication of a great immorality. And the strangest thing is that, in his heart of hearts, none of these leaders wants immorality to become extinct, wants this disease to be eradicated -- because if and when it is cured, the preacher will no longer be put up with. Their inner craving is that the disease continues, that the illness increases.

The easiest way to allow this disease to continue unchecked is to restrain the growth of an all-encompassing knowledge about life, and to frighten men from wanting to understand the deeper and more significant aspects of life. And it is ignorance of these that automatically causes the spread of immorality, debauchery and corruption. If people can try to recognize and know these deep, illuminating facets of life, then irreligiousness and its subsequent ills will begin to dissipate, one by one.

I want to draw your attention to the fact that sex is the aspect of life that is the most responsible for immorality. It has always been the most basic and influential cause of perversion, debauchery and dullness in man. And so religious leaders never want to talk about it.

Another friend of mine has sent a message saying that no saint or guru ever talks about sex. He writes that the high esteem he had for me has lessened because of my talks on sex. I wish to tell him there is no reason to be disappointed in me. First of all, if you once had respect for me, it was your mistake. Why was it necessary to honor me? What was your motive? When did I ask you for respect? If you were paying me respect, it was your error; if you are not so inclined any more, it is your privilege. I am no mahatma, nor am I inclined to be one.

Had I the slightest desire to become a mahatma or a guru, I would never have selected this subject in the first place. A man can never become a mahatma if he isn't very clever in selecting the topics for his discourse. I have never been a mahatma, I am not a mahatma, and I certainly do not want to become a mahatma -- that desire itself is a projection of a subtle, refined ego. I am a man, and that is good enough for me. Is it not enough, just being a man? Can a man not be happy without riding the shoulders of other men, without imposing himself on others, without acquiring power in one form or another? Can a man not be happy simply by remaining a man? In whatever position I find myself I am happy and contented.

I long for greatness in humanity; I want to see a greater man. Isn't it greatness to become a man, to attain to the full measure of manhood? Every man can become great; every man is capable of becoming great in the true sense of the word. The days of the mahatmas and the gurus are gone; they are not needed any more. A great mankind is essential; the need of the hour is for a great humanity. There have been many great men, but what have we gained from them?

The need is not for great men, but for a great mankind, for a greater humanity.

At least one person is disillusioned; at least one man has come to know that I am not a great man. This is a great relief, this man's disillusionment. He wrote me to tempt me with mahatmadom; he says I could become a great guru if I stopped discussing such topics. Up to now, the mahatmas and the gurus have been fooled by such approaches, and as a result, those great but weak people did not discuss subjects that might have proved disastrous to their own guruships, to their mahatmadoms. In their concern to save their own thrones, they never cared how many people they were harmfully influencing.

I am not concerned with being on some high pedestal. I do not dream about it; I have no designs on one. On the other hand, I am concerned that someone may want to make me a mahatma some day.

These days, there is no shortage of gurus and mahatmas, and to be considered as one it is very important to adopt the correct pose. It has always been so. But the crux of the matter is not the availability of mahatmas, but how an authentic man can evolve. What can we do to achieve that goal? How can we apply ourselves to that task?

I trust and believe that what we have discussed will guide you on the proper road toward breaking those barriers that stand in the way of the evolution of an authentic man. A path is visible; the gradual transformation of your lust is possible. Your sex can become your samadhi.

Now, as you are today, you are your lust; you are not your souls. You can also become souls, but only by the gradual

transformation of your sexuality. Only then can your journey to God begin.

Many other similar questions have been sent to me, so allow me to review a few important points.

I have said you must strive for a continuous awareness of the glimpse of samadhi in coitus. One should try to grasp that point, that glimpse of samadhi which flashes like lightning in the midst of intercourse, which shimmers for a second like a will-o'-the-wisp and then vanishes. Your effort must be to know it, to become acquainted with it, to hold to it. If you can make the contact fully, even once, in that moment you will know that you are not a body, that you are bodiless. For that fraction of time you are not a body; in that moment you are transformed into something else: the body is left behind and you become the soul, your real self. If you have a glimpse of that glory even once, you can pursue it, through dhyana, through meditation, to establish a deep and lasting relationship with it. Then the path to samadhi is yours. And when it becomes part of your understanding, part of your knowledge and of your life, there will be no more room for lust.

Another friend is afraid of what might happen to our progeny, to our whole race, if we drop sex like this. "If everyone attains celibacy through samadhi," he asks, "what about the future generation?"

One can definitely state that the kind of children now being produced won't exist. The present manner of procreation is fine for producing cats, dogs and other animals, but it is not good enough for man. What kind of attitude to procreation is this? What kind of thoughtless production of children is this? This sort of mass, accidental procreation is aimless; it

is useless. And how vast our crowd has become! Our population has exploded to such incredible proportions that if it is not checked in time, scientists say there will not even be room to move your toes in a hundred years! In a hundred years you will always feel you are in the middle of some kind of congregation. Wherever you look you will feel a meeting is going on. To call a meeting will be unnecessary.
This particular friend's question is very relevant. He may well ask how children will be produced if celibacy becomes commonplace.
I want to give him one more eye-opener, and you should also take note: Children can be born out of celibacy, but the entire purpose and meaning of producing children will have a new dimension. Lust is not the right vehicle for procreation -- celibacy is the only medium discriminating enough. As it is now, the birth of a child is accidental: you move into sex with some other motive; children just happen. Children are uninvited guests, and you can only have as much love for these children as you have for unexpected visitors.
And how are uninvited guests treated? You prepare beds for their comfort and you serve them food; you greet them politely and you pamper them -- but everything is done out of etiquette; there is no feeling of love inside. Your constant thought is, "When are these bores going to leave?" You treat unwanted children the same way, for the simple reason that you never really wanted them in the first place. You were after something else; they were simply by-products. Today's children are not products, they are by-products. They are not produced, they come along with sex like the husks that appear with the corn.

And so the whole world has been trying to protect sex from these accidents. Birth-control developed out of this attitude; unnatural aids were invented so we could enjoy sex and, at the same time, be safe from children. For ages efforts have been made to rescue mankind from this so-called evil. Even ancient Ayurvedic scriptures mention remedies. Today's selfish scientist is also concerned about the same thing that worried Ayurvedic scholars three thousand years ago.
Why? Why does man concentrate on this research?
Children kick up storms; children pop up in between things; children bring the burden of responsibility, and there is also danger of a woman's apathy towards sex after childbirth.
Men don't want children either. A man may want children if he hasn't any, but it is not because he loves children, it is because he loves his wealth. When a man wants a child, do not be misled into believing that his soul is anxious for a son, for a new and innocent human being. He has amassed his wealth by hard labor. Who knows whose hands it might fall into after his death! He needs an heir, one born out of his own blood, to save his wealth, to enjoy his estate. No one wants a child for the child's sake. We try to save ourselves from them, but they simply come of their own accord. We just want to enjoy sex and a child drops in!
These offspring are the by-products of sexuality. They are sick, they are weak, they are frail, they are ridden with anxiety.
Children can also be conceived by celibates, but they will not be the accidental by-products of sex. When this happens, sex will be the means to bring forth children but it will not be an end unto itself.

You board a plane to go to Delhi. The plane is the means to reach Delhi. When you get there you are not going to say you won't get off the plane.

When you reach the state of superconsciousness through sex, when you have attained to brahmacharya, to the state of communion with the divine, your child will be a true product, he will be truly a creation! But up to now, man's ingenious mind has concentrated on building defense mechanisms to help him avoid children and yet allow the fullest enjoyment of sex. Efforts should be made in the opposite direction. But we still want to remain in our seats even after we have reached Palam airport in Delhi. Do you get my point? If brahmacharya became widespread, our inventiveness could be applied in the direction of spirituality. At present, the push is in the opposite direction: loathe the idea of children and enjoy sex for the sake of sex alone.

I also wish to ask this man why he is so worried about saving the world from brahmacharyas. He is so very apprehensive at present that people becoming brahmacharya might stop the birth of children and end the world. My friend, as things are now, the possibility of people becoming brahmacharya is nil. And it will remain so, as long as this callous, conscious and peculiar disrespect for sex exists. No, my friend, there is no danger to the world from that quarter. But the possibility of extinction is increasing day by day because of these continuous, accidental births. If you go on producing children in this fashion the world will certainly come to an end. And you won't need atom bombs or hydrogen bombs. This ever-

multiplying population, this obscene by-product of a swarm of worms will destroy itself.

The new man, born out of brahmacharya, will be of a different stature. He will have a longevity we cannot imagine. His health will be excellent; he will be free of illnesses. His form and figure will be like that of some majestic statue. An ethereal fragrance will emanate from him. Kindness, love, truth, beauty and religion will be his character. He will be born with religion in him. He will be a kind of divinity incarnate.

We have been produced irreligiously. We are inflicted with irreligiousness from birth and we die in irreligion. And in between, from morning to night, from birth to death, throughout the entire span of our lives, we talk and talk and talk about religion. In the superior man there won't be any idle chatter or empty discussion about religion, because religion will be his way of life. We talk about things that are not part of our lives, and don't talk about the things that are. We don't talk about sex because it is the way we live, but we keep talking about God because the way we live has nothing to do with God whatsoever. In fact, we keep ourselves satisfied by talking about the very things we can neither attain nor obtain.

Haven't you ever noticed that women talk more than men? Women are always busy talking about something or other -- with their neighbors, with anyone who will listen. No offense is meant, but it is said that it is very difficult to imagine two women sitting together for a time without talking to one another.

I have heard that a big contest was arranged in China to select the greatest liar in the country. The winner was to

receive a great prize, and so all the best liars gathered at the site chosen for the contest.
When it came to his turn, one man said, "I went to a park and I saw two women sitting on a bench keeping to themselves, keeping quiet."
There was a great uproar. Everyone cheered. People shouted, "There cannot be a bigger fib than this! This is the greatest lie ever!"
Everyone voted for this man.
Why do women talk as much as they do? Men have their work, but women don't have that much to do. Where there is not much work, not much activity, there is always idle chatter. This feminine trait is the national character of India. There is no progress in this country; there is only talk and discussion.
The new man, the man born out of brahmacharya, won't be talkative -- he will live life. He won't just talk and talk about religion, he will live in religion. People will forget about religion as a topic for idle discussion, because religion will be their very nature. To think about that man, to imagine him, is wonderful; it is awe-inspiring.
Such men have been born, but their births have been rare. Occasionally, very occasionally, such a beautiful man is born that even the costliest clothes cannot beautify him, and he rises up unclad, naked, and the radiance of his beauty spreads far and wide. People throng around such a man -- to see him, to marvel at a living deity. One such man had such a glow, had such vitality about him that although his name was Vardhamana people called him Mahavir -- the great victor. The glory of brahmacharya in him was such that people prostrated themselves before him, before this

Godman. Occasionally a Buddha is born, occasionally a Christ is born, occasionally a Lao Tzu is born. We can barely count more than a few names like these in the whole history of mankind.

The day children are born out of celibacy, out of a divine communion -- you probably don't like the sound of the phrase "children by celibacy" but I am talking about a new concept, about a nobler possibility -- the day children bloom out of celibacy, humanity will be so beautiful, so strong, so considerate, so energetic and so intelligent that the knowledge of the self, of the Overself, of the Universal Consciousness, won't be very far away for anyone.

Although this is difficult to imagine, let me illustrate with an example.

If I tell a man suffering from insomnia that he will able to go to sleep the moment he lays his head on his pillow, he will most likely not believe me. He will tell me he always rolls over in bed, or sits up, or gets up to say his beads, or counts sheep, but that he cannot sleep. He will say I am a liar. He will ask how it is possible to go to sleep instantly, just by lying down. He will complain that, despite all kinds of experiments, he cannot sleep soundly, sometimes not sleep at all for a whole night.

Thirty to forty per cent of the residents of New York City take sleeping-pills. And psychiatrists fear that in a hundred years nobody will be able to get to sleep naturally, that everyone will have to take tranquilizers when they go to bed. If this is the current state of mental health in New York, then the same thing will happen in India in another two hundred years. Indian leaders never lag far behind in copying foreigners. So we cannot be too far behind the

New Yorkers. When we plagiarize everything else of theirs, how can we ignore this?

So, in five hundred years' time, it is quite possible that every man in the world will take a sleeping-pill before retiring. And immediately after he is born, an infant will want a tranquilizer instead of milk, because he won't even have been at peace in his mother's womb! Then it will be very difficult to convince people that, five hundred years before, people simply used to close their eyes and go to sleep without barbiturates. They will say it is not possible; they will ask how it could have been done.

Similarly, it will be very difficult to convince people who have been born out of celibacy that people had once been dishonest, that there had once been thieves and murderers, that men had once committed suicide, that they had poisoned and stabbed each other, that they had waged war. They will also not believe that people had once been born out of a vulgar sexuality that went not one iota deeper than physical contact.

A spiritual sex can evolve. A new life can begin for mankind.

During the last four days, I have spoken to you about the possibility of reaching a new level of spiritual existence. You have listened to my talks patiently and with much love, although to listen to such discourses peacefully must have been very difficult for you; you must have felt embarrassed at times.

One friend came to me and voiced his fear that a few men, feeling that such a subject should not be talked about, might stand up and raise a cry to stop the lectures. He felt some people might strongly and loudly protest the

discussion of such a topic in public. I told him it would be a better world if there were such brave people around. Where will you find a man who is so courageous that he will stand up at a public gathering and ask the speaker to stop his discourse? If such courageous people existed in this country, then the glib and nonsensical talks delivered from the high platforms of this country by a long line of foolish men would have stopped a long time ago. But they haven't stopped yet and they will never stop. All along, I have been waiting for some brave man to get up and ask me to stop my talk. Then I could have discussed the subject with him in detail. It would have been a source of great pleasure to me.

And so, to such discourses, on such a topic -- despite the fact that many friends were afraid someone might get up to protest, that someone might create pandemonium here -- you have quietly listened. You are all very kind. I am grateful for your patient and peaceful attention.

In conclusion, from my heart of hearts, I desire that the lust inside each of us may become a ladder with which to reach to the temple of love, that the sex inside each of us may become a vehicle to reach to superconsciousness.

And finally, I bow to the Supreme enthroned in all of us. Please accept my respects.